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APRIL 4, 1980

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dicial Government
—See page 402

NATIONAL REVIEW

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STOVER After YALE

RICHARD BROOKHISER

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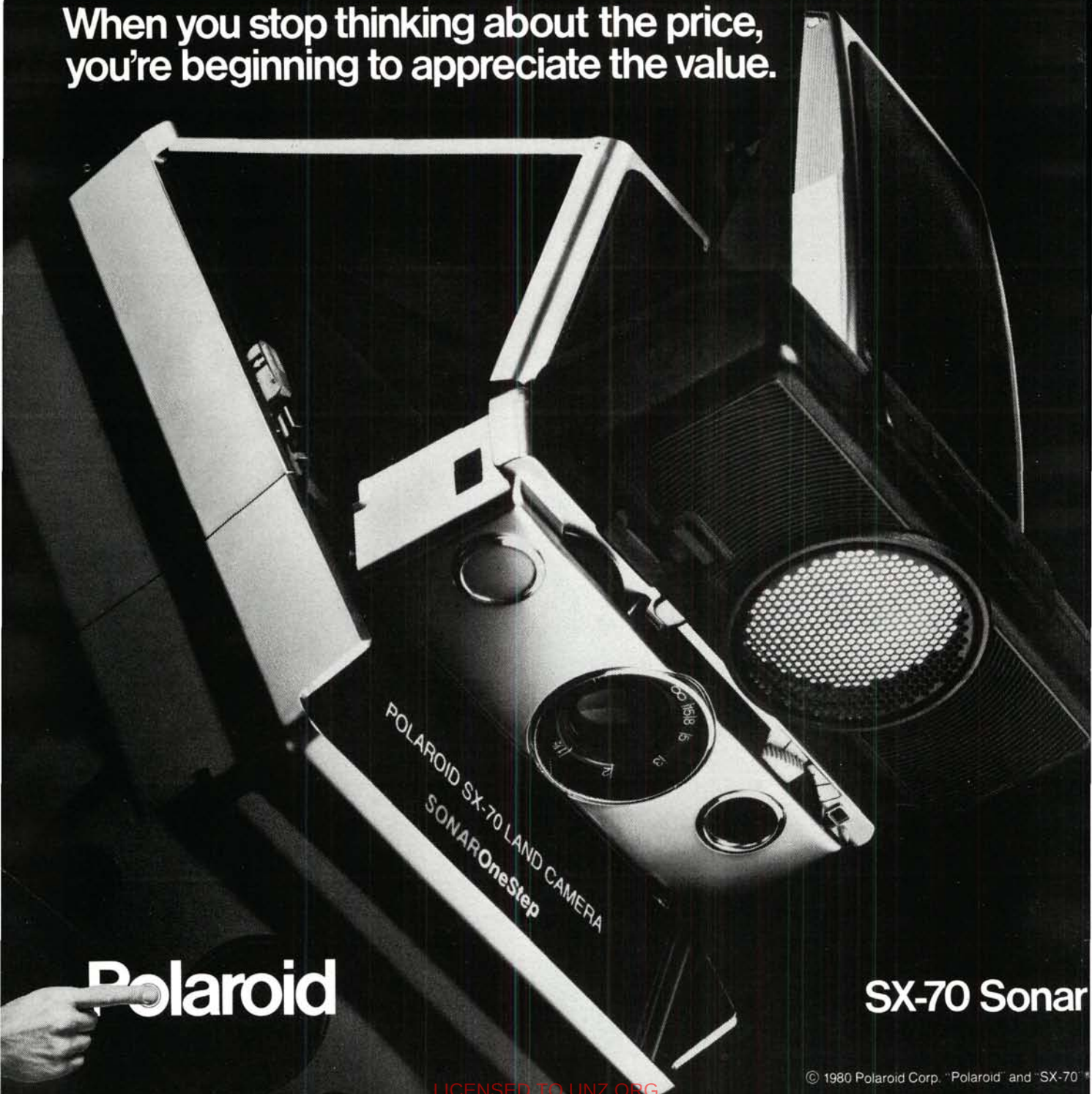

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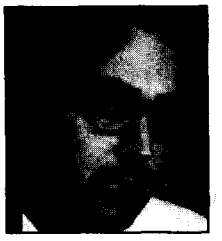

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BUSH

404 **Stover after Yale**
George Bush is the refined candidate, the upper-crust guy who has to live down not only the Ivy League but the Trilateral Commission; the polite and loyal Republican who has to speak well of his rivals while making it seem imperative that he, not they, get the nomination; the brainy man with a position on everything who faces the task of defining himself. If anyone can do it all, he can. But can anyone? *Richard Brookhiser*

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Letters

All the Way with EMK?

Richard Brookhiser's piece "The Last Kennedy" [March 21] makes me like Teddy better, I think, than anything else I have ever read about him. Some of the little vignettes—his singing along with "Happy Birthday," his laughing at himself when he needs prompting to come up with the Greek phrase he thought he'd memorized—reflect a relaxed but not undignified sort of humor that I wouldn't have credited him with.

But this makes me all the gladder to read Mr. Brookhiser's prediction—which seems borne out by the Southern primaries—that Kennedy will not be elected President. I would be glad for our country anyway: as Mr. Brookhiser documents thoroughly, although Kennedy has trimmed his sails here and there, his politics have never seriously varied: All the Way with ADA. But for Kennedy's own sake, too, I am glad: as Mr. Brookhiser delicately reminds us, and as Teddy himself cannot ever have forgotten for a second, "we have not, in this generation, seen an old Kennedy." Better for him and for all of us if his candidacy just quietly dies somewhere between now and November.

Laura di Stefano
Baltimore, Md.

Thank you for bringing me back to reality with your editorial "Chappaquiddick Yet" [March 7]. I had read the *Reader's Digest* article, and I do like and respect *RD*. But your pointed analysis that Kennedy should be defeated not because of a girl found dead in his car but because he is a "big-taxing, big-spending, anti-enterprise elitist" is undeniably correct.

Example: What if God would speak from heaven (maybe on the *Today* show) and tell us that Ted was telling the truth in everything he'd said about Martha's Vineyard? Would we then be foolish enough to make him President? Thank you again for getting our minds Right.

(P.S.: But if the average American is more impressed by what might have happened on that island than they are by Ted's belief that the government should take care of everyone with a problem, then possibly *RD*'s article might save us from 1984, or Armageddon, or both.)

Roy Rood
El Dorado, Ariz.

Well, I tried. When I first read your "defense" of Ted Kennedy, "Chappaquiddick Yet," I wrote, and tore up, three hopelessly furious letters. Now, a week later, I still can't believe what you wrote. Surely you cannot be applauding (even with the ulterior motive of strengthening your other arguments) Kennedy's callous protection of his image while a dying (not dead) girl might still have been saved.

I agree that we need some toughness when playing games with the Russians, but you're applauding a completely immoral act. Surely you realize (or at least Kirk, Molnar, and some other contributors to *NR* do) that it's primarily immorality that leads to big government and Big Brother. Teddy appears to be a moral zero, he's not his big brother, and I don't want him for mine.

C. W. Yost
College Station, Tex.

Meanwhile, across the Aisle

Just how conservative is George Bush?

Mr. Benjamin Neuhausen, in the February 22 "Letters," asked that question, and stated he had been told Bush had "an impeccable conservative voting record." Cato's reply to that letter said: "We admire George Bush for . . . his voting record in the House . . ."

Well, the Americans for Constitutional Action didn't. Their scorecards rated Bush high his first year, 83. Each year thereafter he dropped about nine points, until for his last year, 1970, he was rated nine points *below* John Anderson.

Hardly an admirable voting record, except in the eyes of the Ripon Society, wouldn't you say?

Col. Orval Matteson
Jacksonville, Ala.

See "Stover after Yale" by Richard Brookhiser (page 404) for a more thorough analysis of George Bush, where he came from, and where he's going. —LB

Under Western Eyes

It is certainly true, as Edmund Stillman says ["Is Soviet Technology a Paper Tiger?" Feb. 8], that Russia has never, with a few stellar exceptions, been known for "technology." In listing Russia's achievements, one thinks rather of pure science and of the arts.

However, Mr. Stillman tries to nail this point down even more tightly by saying that Russia's undeniably great writers, painters, and composers weren't really Russian at all: they were *déracinés* (true enough for some of them) or, worse, "Westernized Oriental Gentlemen" (as if they were among the more pathetic characters in *Passage to India*). He cites as evidence the length of time some of them spent in Western Europe, the style of their

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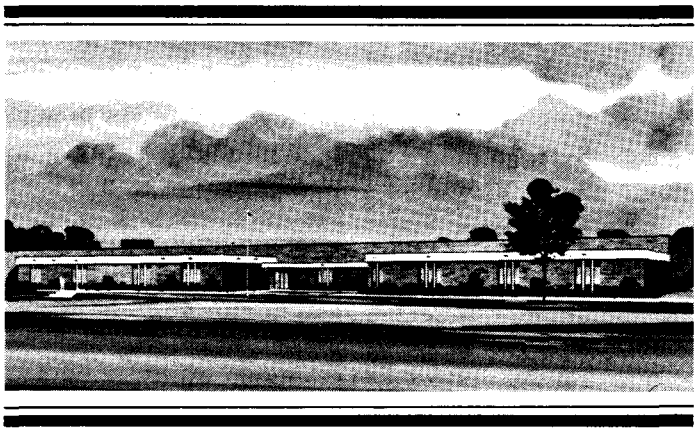

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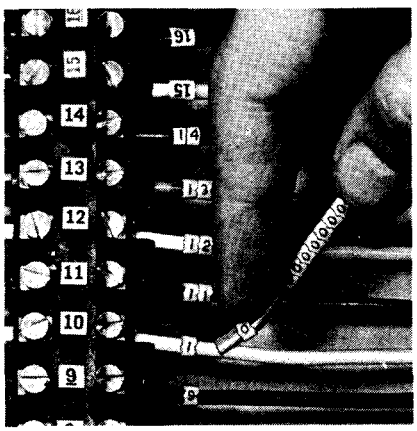

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work and their lives, and the gulf between them and the Russian peasantry.

I don't question his evidence—merely his interpretation of it. After all, there is quite a noticeable gulf between, say, the Paris aristocrat and the Breton fisherman, the London intellectual and the Devonshire farmer, the Back Bay Bostonian and the Western cattle-rancher; and yet both halves of each pair are demonstrably part of the same nation. Social distinctions and the urban-rural question aside, writers have often tended to think of themselves as a breed apart. But even if they physically leave their own country, they can never erase its influence on them: Henry James and T. S. Eliot never entirely *became* British, and the Brownings never *ceased* to be; James Joyce only became the more Irish as he railed from Zurich or Trieste against the sow who ate her farrow. Just so, even Tchaikovsky, the most Gallicized of the top-rank Russian composers, can be going along in a frothy, 1860s-French kind of way, and then hit you with a sequence that could only be Russian.

I find it instructive that many intellectual Russians like to have it both ways: they will, depending on what point they are making at the moment, speak of "our European heritage" or of "you here in the West." I liked the formulation floated by one of *NR*'s writers a few months ago: that Russia and America are similar, in both being almost, but not quite, European. In dealing with either us or them, it's hard to be any more clear-cut than that.

Bob Tilliard
Cambridge, Mass.

Tax, Spend, Inflate

I just don't understand Mr. Buckley's advocacy of a 50¢ federal tax on gasoline ["On the Right," Jan. 25]. Why would you want to funnel another huge tax through the Federal Government, already the proven mismanager of our funds? The *problem* is government, so why give it more to skim? Any proposal to raise gasoline taxes serves to point up the fact that the price of gas is held artificially low by the same institution that monetizes its debt through inflation, and destroys our capital.

Steven Ansell
New Haven, Conn.

Ineffably Yours

While on my way to eff the ineffable ["Funversation: The Ayatollah Khomeini and George Bernard Shah," March 7], an unfunny thing happened to one of my lines: *idiocy* came out rhyming with *preview* rather than with *video: See.* Any chance your wonderful, new photosynthesizing typesetter can be transshipped to TASS?

Johannes Eff
New York, N.Y.

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Behind the Curtain

Kevin Lynch's article "The Guests in the Basement" [March 21] emboldens me to ask you to publicize another urgent case of Soviet violation of human rights.

The life of Yuriy Shukhevych, son of the leader of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and head of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, is in grave danger.

Born in 1933, Yuriy Shukhevych has experienced persecution at the hands of Soviet authorities for almost his entire life. In 1944, his mother was sent to a Siberian camp. In 1948, at age 15, he was arrested and subsequently imprisoned for the "crime" of being the son of a famous Ukrainian nationalist. In 1950, his father died while in the custody of the Soviet secret police. In 1958, on the eve of his release from prison, Shukhevych was visited by KGB officials who demanded that he renounce his father. He repeatedly refused this demand and was sentenced to another ten-year prison term for "anti-Soviet agitation among inmates."

In 1968, Shukhevych was set free but was denied the right to live in the Ukraine. In 1970, he signed a joint statement in defense of the persecuted Ukrainian historian Valentyn Moroz. In 1972, he was sentenced to a ten-year term of confinement.

Today, Yuriy Shukhevych continues to languish in a concentration camp. He suffers from an intestinal ulcer and is denied medical attention.

It is important that citizens of all persuasions protest this gross violation of human rights by the Soviet Union. Please write to President Carter and urge him to intercede with the Soviet authorities for the release of Yuriy Shukhevych.

Mark Weber
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

NATIONAL REVIEW deserves credit for its continuous coverage of the case of the seven Soviet Christian refugees who have been staying in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow since June 27, 1978. *NR* has inspired hundreds of persons in the U.S.A. and abroad to offer their help to the courageous Chmykhalovs and Vashchenkos.

Since Mr. Lynch's article went to press, however, the situation of the seven in the Moscow Embassy has markedly improved, as evidenced by a letter we received from two of the Vashchenko daughters. The change for the better is due mainly to the personal concern of Senators Robert C. Byrd and Carl Levin, as well as to the considerate and humane policies introduced by Ambassador Thomas Watson, who is sincerely interested in improving the living conditions and the psychological situation of the seven refugees.

Among the positive steps that merit not only acknowledgment but also the support of *NR* readers and all American citizens are two congressional resolutions, one

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by Representative Robert K. Dornan, and the other by Senators Roger W. Jepsen and David L. Boren, and Representatives Jack F. Kemp and James J. Howard, who spotlighted the Vashchenko-Chmykhalov case as an integral part of the growing Soviet Christian emigration movement, hitherto almost unnoticed in the U.S.A. Its leaders in the USSR are working very closely with leaders of the Soviet Jewish emigration movement and benefiting from their experience.

Help to Soviet Christians, Jews, and members of other faiths and ethnic groups is a very valuable weapon in the struggle for religious freedom and human rights, and against Soviet totalitarianism.

Letters to President Carter, senators, and representatives, as well as to Soviet authorities, remain a matter of extreme urgency.

Rev. & Mrs. B. S. Hruby
Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies, Ltd.
New York, N.Y.

For anyone who does wish to write on behalf of the Vashchenkos and Chmykhalovs, Yuriy Shukhevych, or indeed any other victim of Soviet oppression, here are a few of the most important addresses:

President Jimmy Carter
The White House
Washington, D.C. 20500

(Name)
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

(Name)
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C. 20510

Ambassador Thomas Watson
Embassy of the U.S.A. in Moscow
APO New York, N.Y. 08962

Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin
Embassy of the USSR
1125 16th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

His Excellency Leonid I. Brezhnev
President of the USSR
Kremlin
Moscow, USSR

The Vashchenko and Chmykhalov Families
Embassy of the U.S.A.
Ulitsa Chaikovskogo 19-21
Moscow, USSR

Copies of letters to the families should be sent to the Research Center for Religion and Human Rights in Closed Societies (Room 448, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027). —KL

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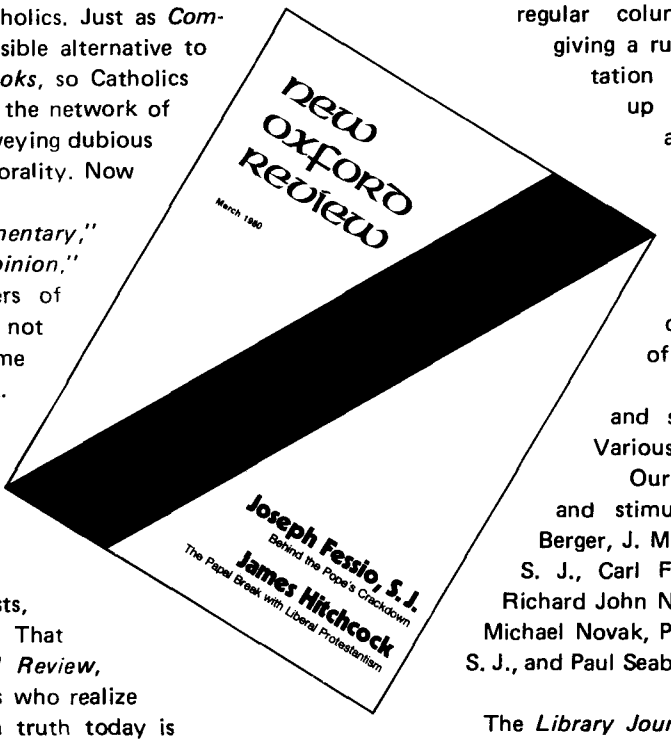

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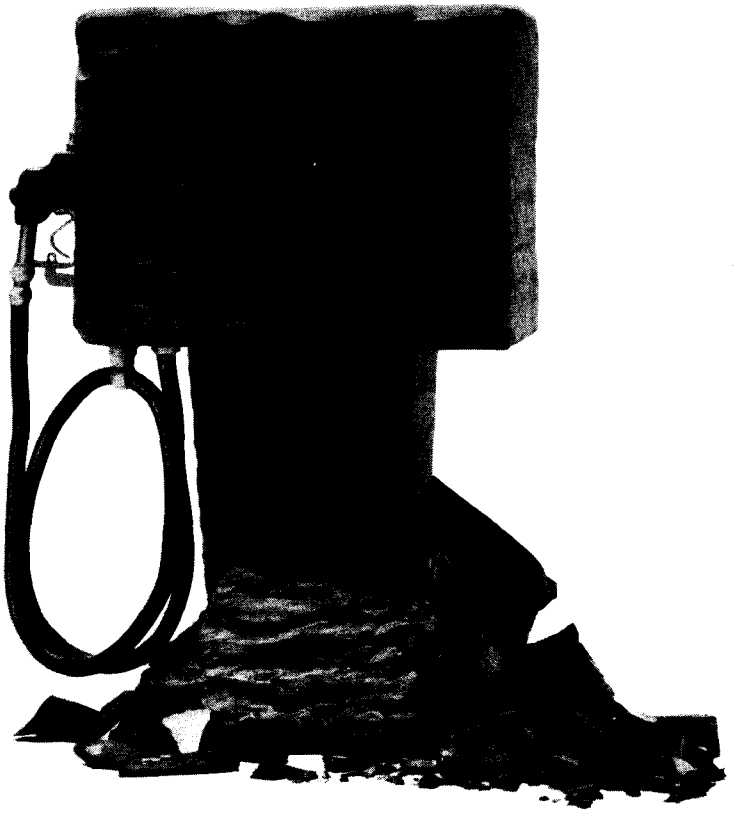

American oil shale reserves contain more oil than all the crude oil reserves of the Middle East. The greatest concentration of this shale is located in western states such as Colorado. On just one 5,000-acre tract where Amoco and its partner are working, there's enough shale to produce up to 5 billion barrels of oil—making it one of the richest oil reserves in the United States.

Right now we have $100 million and nearly six years invested in our pilot oil shale plant. We're willing to spend hundreds of millions of dollars more to make this plant a commercial reality.

New American oil below world prices

The technology exists to separate refinable oil from shale. And in spite of the tremendous cost, we believe that we can eventually deliver this oil at prices below what we will be paying for foreign oil.

But there's a problem beyond technology that must be addressed before we can move ahead much further. And this problem is created by what we believe is the government's unrealistic level of regulatory paper work.

The initial approvals we received to develop the site we're working are good only for experimental production. Before we can begin commercial output of 76,000 barrels per day, we have to go through the whole process all over again.

Over 120 permits just to get started

The first time around we had to obtain more than 120 permits and approvals before we could begin our work. Compiling the environmental data alone cost over $5 million and took more than 2 years.

When regulation gets to the point where it obscures the original purpose—in this case, developing new American energy—then it's time to put things back in perspective. America can't afford to drag its feet any longer. Foreign oil is becoming more expensive by the month and continues to threaten the security of our country.

The sooner we can get on with the job of producing new American energy, the sooner we can help end this dependency. That is why we plan to spend even more money in the 1980's to make gasoline from oil shale. We want to make it available on a large scale in this decade.

America runs better on American oil.

AMOCO

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Question: Is there an underground vote for **Ronald Reagan**? How else to explain the wildly off-target recent polls? Whereas in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Illinois the pollsters scored bullseyes in the **Kennedy** *v.* **Carter** match, they consistently, and badly, under-rated Reagan's vote. E.g., Florida, They predicted Reagan would get 42 per cent of the vote; he got 57; Georgia, predicted 40, got 73; Alabama, predicted 39, got 70; Illinois, predicted 36 (against 34 for **Anderson**), got 48 (against 38 for Anderson). . . . And Reagan got better than a quarter of the crossover vote in Illinois: independents and Democrats who obviously can't stomach the choice the Democrats are offering. . . . In a *New York Times*/CBS poll of Illinois voters, most Reagan voters said they thought he could win in November, only one in five mentioned his age. . . . Two weeks ago **Barry Goldwater** came out for Reagan—in a well-timed gesture to derail the **Ford** candidacy—while **John Connally** used his clout in Texas to keep Republic Gov. **Bill Clements** from announcing for Ford. Connally's endorsement of Reagan is expected at any moment. . . . Liberal Republican Rep. **Paul McCloskey**—whose campaigning for **George Bush** in New England might have backfired—perceives John Anderson as "the first Republican since **Wendell Willkie** to excite enthusiasm rather than just respect." But that was before Illinois. . . . Rep. **Mickey Edwards** (R., Okla.) doesn't see it that way. He sees Anderson as the premier opportunist of the campaign. "John looked for where there was an opening on the spectrum. There was one on the Left, and he took it." . . . No help with party regulars. Anderson's statement that he would be "more comfortable" with Kennedy as President than Reagan, and his wife **Keke**'s calling Connally "a crook" and **Crane** "a fascist."

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Don't you feel that this new decade has gone on long enough?"

■ *Washington Post*'s astute **David Broder** isn't all that sure it's a shoo-in for Carter in November. Broder cites the economy, Carter's slow erosion in the polls, and the possibility of a John Anderson-headed third-party effort that would sop up dissident liberal votes. . . . Teddy Kennedy hasn't managed to get two endorsements he badly needs, from Sen. **Patrick Moynihan** and Gov. **Hugh Carey** of N.Y., but **Bella Abzug** and **Gloria Steinem** climbed aboard his badly leaking ship last week. Steinem's endorsement may be the kiss of death in Politics '80: she's also for John Anderson. . . . One alarming finding for the Kennedy forces was the CBS poll of Illinois **Democratic primary voters** that showed 41 per cent of them would not under any circumstances support Kennedy in November.

■ Ordering One's Priorities Dept.: Think-piece in *New York Times* on efforts on the Hill to revive **SALT II** concludes that Carter won't do anything about it until after Teddy Kennedy is eliminated from the presidential race. . . . Still, a resolution by Sen. **John Tower** calling on Carter to withdraw SALT II was tabled, 50 to 36, in the Senate last week on a motion by Majority Leader **Robert Byrd**. . . . By and large, the sentiment for increased defense spending continues to build. **Gallup** shows 49 per cent think we are spending too little on defense, as against 34 per cent last December (just before Afghanistan), and 27 two years ago.

■ And the President is on target in his decision to boycott the **Moscow Olympics**, according to Gallup. Latest shows 69 per cent of Americans opposed to attending the Moscow Olympics, only 29 per cent in favor. . . . In **Canada**, a group of private citizens has been taking out full-page ads in the larger newspapers urging Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** to join the U.S. boycott (former Prime Minister **Joe Clark** favored it). . . . Last week the **British Parliament** also voted its formal support of the U.S. position. . . . In Moscow, however, a poll published in *Pravda* showed the people of that city "overwhelmingly" in favor of the Summer Olympics. . . . The same week that poll was taken, **TASS** reported that it was entirely coincidental that President **Amin** of Afghanistan was toppled (he did not survive the toppling) by an internal coup the very day the Soviet troops he had invited in to help him arrived.

■ Nice note: **Abigail McCarthy**, in amusing piece on the travails of the wives of presidential candidates, says **Barbara Bush**'s autobiography will be called: *Will the Woman in the Red Dress Get Out of the Picture?*

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THE WEEK

■ Tricky Teddy? According to a reader survey conducted by *People* magazine, Senator Edward Kennedy has replaced Richard Nixon as the nation's "least trustworthy" political figure, outpolling Nixon by two to one.

■ Dig those new Carter ads. Monsieur le Président sits at the table with wife and daughter while his voice-over intones that being a good family man is "crucial" to being a good President. Then an announcer intones: "Husband. Father. President. He's done these three jobs with distinction." The ads also remind you that you never have to wonder whether President Carter is telling you the truth. All they leave out is the crucial fact that he took his own college exams.

■ It looked like the efficient functioning of a free-market economy. Ford marketed the Pinto, three teenagers were killed when one of the cars exploded in a collision, and the company was dragged into court on charges of reckless homicide. Now, there's no reason at all why a company should not be held accountable for the manufacture of a dangerous product. In this case, the prosecution failed to make its case against the Pinto, and Ford was exonerated. But (and here's where it gets tricky), the appeal of the defense was to *federal* standards of safety, thus excusing Ford. In fact, the free market ought to be the consumer's best protection. If a car tends to blow up, it won't sell even if the Feds do proclaim it safe.

■ Banks and other companies that pay interest or dividends send the recipient a statement, once a year, for tax purposes, with the note that said income has also been reported to the IRS—a sort of bureaucratic cattle-prod to inspire the taxpayer to report the income. For some years it has been an open secret that the IRS pays no attention to the forms it receives; now it is a matter of record, indeed, of judicial cognizance. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit has found that the IRS has no system of filing or retrieving the information so gathered, that "as a practical matter" it doesn't possess the info, and therefore "as a practical matter" it has the power to require the banks and companies to produce the info on a case-by-case basis. Okay. Then, "as a practical matter" Congress should relieve U.S. corporations of the burden of shipping hundreds of millions of documents per year to an IRS that doesn't use them.

■ Is the Carter Administration tacitly trying to bring about the early death of the Shah? Columnist George Will, an eminently sober citizen, has been led to precisely that conclusion. First, Will notes, the Administration had the cancer-stricken Shah bundled off to "a fly-blown island in the tropics," where he passed effectively into the custody of Panamanian dictator Omar Torrijos. The dictator and his henchmen, according to Will, have "fleeced the Shah for substantial sums of money"; they also monitor his calls and harass his aides. When the Panamanian government refused to permit the Shah's most recent operation to take place in the best hospital in Panama, an American hospital, the Carter Administration did not try to persuade them; nor did it provide a government plane to get American doctors to Panama. If the tormented Shah does not die quickly, Will thinks, the Carter Administration may connive in his extradition to Teheran. "Can any more skin," he asks, "be scraped from the knees of crawling Uncle Sam?"

■ Zia ul-Haq's name translates as Light of Righteousness. Pakistan's name means Land of Purity. The Light of Righteousness has rejected America's impetuous proposal—prompted by an urge to appear effectual in the wake of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan—to reinstate the Land of Purity as a strategic client. As if taking for granted Pakistan's receptivity to a $400-million bounty, half of it in martial wares, the Administration publicized its initiative without preliminary diplomatic soundings. Thus the rejection leaves U.S. diplomacy looking presumptuous and inept—no novelty. The turndown reflects neither the nominal virtues, righteousness and purity, nor affluence and strategic self-assurance. Pakistan's situation

Twenty Per Cent and Rising

I'm hooked on all the doleful prose
Of Messrs. Pick and Ruff, and those
Like Harry Browne, who say, "Dismiss
All currencies except the Swiss."
I've keened to each Cassandra hunch
From market crash to credit crunch;
I've steeped myself in every scold
Who counsels us to covet gold.
But though I hum their siren song,
I've never really gone along,
So pardon me while I review
The Germany of '22.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

We have been trying to keep track of all the lessons we have learned about campaign finance reform. Let's see, first there is the lesson that Ronald Reagan and Edward Kennedy are now learning, namely that you can afford to run for the White House only if you happen to live there already. If you live elsewhere, which is of course a possibility, there is a federal law which proscribes you from running a campaign comparable in scope and expense to the incumbent's.

Then there is the lesson that businessmen have learned these past few months, which is that they cannot employ their wealth in supporting candidates of their choice. That is the law. The only serious, one-stop money in politics today comes from rock stars, who can donate their services, which in turn attract small contributors in mass numbers. In this way, the presumptive influence of the big giver is stripped from Clement Stone and is given to Gregg Allman. Another triumph for democracy.

A third lesson, drawn from the most recent congressional campaign, is that the attempt to remove irresponsible private money from the public business of elections produces the usual government result: now that politics has become a federally regulated industry, "irresponsible" private money is the *only* money. Congressional candidates have no choice but to hock themselves to federally sponsored special interests. Individuals need not apply.

And a final lesson, we hope. Howard Baker and Bob Dole and Phil Crane have all learned it these past few months and it is this: once you start this process, once you incur debts that can be wiped out only by federal matching funds, it is difficult to *stop* running. As is the case with every other bureaucratic job in town, when you sign up as a presidential candidate the greatest payoff is returned to those who wait out all the other guys.

Which brings us to John Connally. In the history of private enterprise, it would be difficult to identify a venture with a lower return on investment. Connally's outlay of $11 million produced a grand total of one delegate. (Hell, we know people who would have voted for him for half o' that.) What we liked about the Connally campaign was not where it began, nor indeed where it ended, but the way in which it was conducted. Declaring himself a friend of the private business system, Connally raised his own money, spent it as he thought best, and quit when he decided the game was over. He never sought a dime of public money. In our view, that's the way all presidential campaigns should be run. And if anybody tells you that irresponsible private money will start buying elections in this country, you just refer them to John Connally. He knows better.

■ We attended that widely reported GOP Senate-House dinner at which Gerald Ford unloaded on his successor, Jimmy Still? The metro papers and the networks have used the quotable clips, those in which Ford thundered his criticism of Carter. The most remarkable moment of that surprisingly effective address occurred, however, when Ford promised that he would campaign across the country for the Republican nominee. There was an outburst of applause from the insider crowd, followed by a standing ovation. Ford, plainly startled, was thrown off his rhythm and stumbled for a sentence or two. From the crowd reaction we surmise that Reaganites were expressing gratitude, and moderates, relief, that good old Jerry had not turned mean-spirited spoiler. Either way, it was not the message Ford had traveled three thousand miles to receive.

■ Afghanistan, the official invasion of the 1980 Olympics, may have set some kind of ghastly precedent. In a little-noticed decision by the International Olympic Committee (IOC) last year, the 1984 winter games have been awarded to Sarajevo, the historically resonant little city in what will soon be post-Tito Yugoslavia. The conclusion creeps in that the IOC has been held incommunicado these past ten years in a remote Tibetan monastery.

■ And just what's wrong with a political system in which a man like John B. Anderson can't win? —CATO

---

is shaky and necessitous. So is Zia's. The core consideration for saying no is wariness. Linking up again to the U.S. as a source of military largesse would all too probably incur more risks than it could abate. From our point of view, Pakistan's refusal, however embarrassing, eases the U.S. out of a misconceived initiative. This country's own military inventories are drawn down. Its military-industrial base is all too largely dismantled. Over the intermediate term, any significant transfer of useful military hardware to Pakistan would necessarily be at the expense of America's own neglected requirements, without producing a reliable compensatory increment of strength at the other end. Pakistan's rejection provides no occasion for cheer, however. It only avoids an error, without either party gaining anything of advantage.

■ Who lost Mauritius? And, god, where is it? Well, the politics of this archipelago nation haven't been front-page stuff, but the Communists are active there and the place is strategic. Mauritius could help turn the western Indian Ocean into a Communist lake. Take out the map. Mauritius—a collection of islands —occupies a huge oceanic area eastward of Madagascar. Northward toward the Persian Gulf, another archipelago nation, the Seychelles, are run by France René, who staged a pro-Soviet coup three years ago. In Mauritius, the Marxist Mouvement Militant Mauricien holds the largest number of seats (32) in the seventy-member parliament. However, a Labor Party-Social Democratic coalition currently governs. The Labor Party, ho-hum, has a mutinous Marxist wing, which threatens to bring down the government. Mauritius also has claims on the Chagos islands, in which our main base in the area, Diego Garcia—now leased from the British—is located.

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Jimmy the Inconstant

From '76, with a flip and a flop,
He's poured from the spigot, then sloshed with the mop.
From rebates to taxes, from sabers to smiles,
His sloppy performance is clearing the aisles.
Though Teddy can't nail him, a man from the West
Is writing a sequel to *Why Not the Best?*

W. H. VON DREELE

■ The secret to getting ahead at Princeton University is knowing where your bagel is buttered. Until recently it was always buttered (and sold and distributed) by the Authorized Student Bagel Agency, which charged 65 cents a bagel, and enjoyed a total monopoly. But the Princeton Libertarian Organization, citing "our dignity as individuals and . . . our freedom of choice," began to butter (and sell and distribute) their product for fifty cents apiece. The university proctor has issued a cease-and-desist order to the Libertarians, but the bagel war seems well under way. The results of this kind of cut-throat competition seem obvious, and it's the consumer who will ultimately be the loser. The situation cries out for a Federal Bagel Commission to regulate prices and set standards for poppy-seed, raisin, and pumpernickel.

■ It has been revealed that the Pentagon's computer system, which is supposed to warn of enemy attack or international crises, is prone to is prone to is prone to is pr o n e

■ Mr. Donald Moore of Richland, Washington is being held on $10,000 bail after "maliciously" driving his car through the front door and into the lobby of the Federal Building in that city. Moore gave no explanation for his behavior. It must be income tax time.

■ If you're feeling depressed, we now rush up with the remedy. Stop the presses. According to Michael Kennedy, son of Ethel and Bobby, the nation's First Family is planning to run one of the daughters for President. "My family," says Michael, "are definitely planning to run one of the Kennedy girls for President some day." Please fill in your comment in the blank space and mail it to Hyannis Port:_____

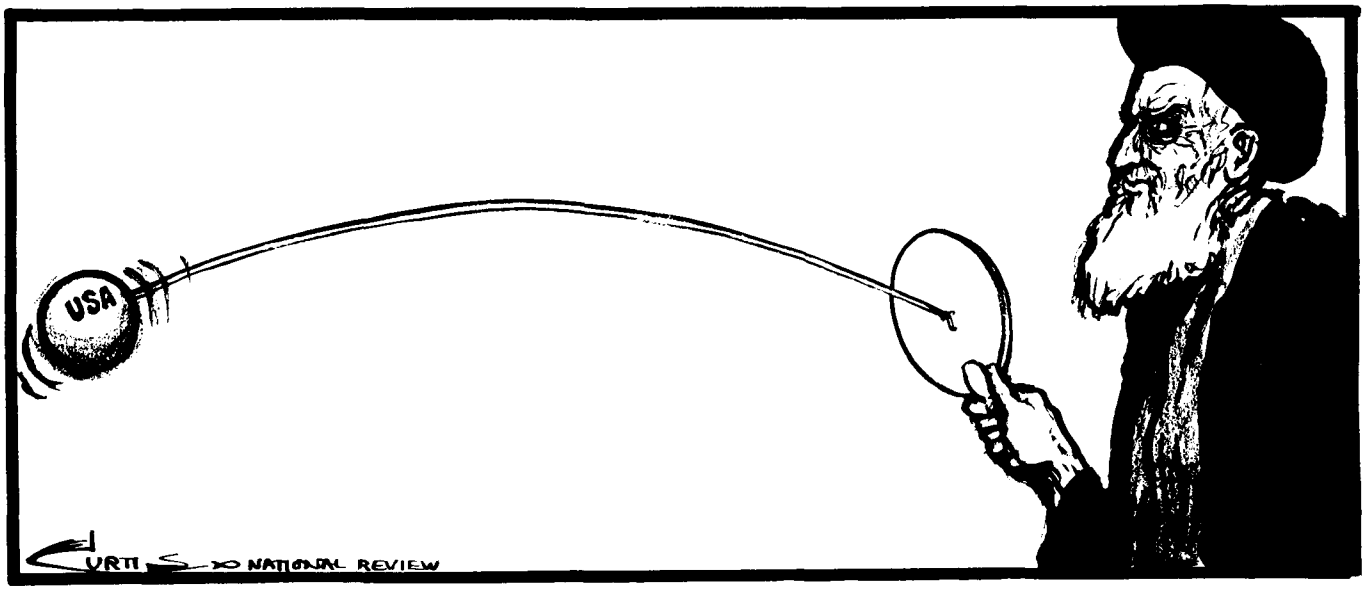
■ Jerry Ford's withdrawal from the presidential race severely diminishes the likelihood of a pardon for Jimmy Carter.

Is Reagan Electable?

Apparently no one likes Ronald Reagan except the voters. Gerald Ford considers him "too conservative" to win in November. Evans & Novak and Governor Jim Thompson of Illinois consider him a loser. James Reston writes of the "gloomy report" foreign ambassadors are sending home: that *it will really be Carter* versus *Reagan*. We hear constantly that this will be "1964 all over again."

The brute electoral facts tell an entirely different story.

Ronald Reagan, state after state, and against all opposition, gets a lot of votes. In Illinois, this candidate, who exercises a "narrow" appeal, got around



"140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146 . . ."

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ON THE Left

KEVIN LYNCH

If you've been wondering what they would think of next, they have already thought of it. On April 17 a conglomeration of consumer, labor, leftist, and religious organizations will sponsor a day of national protest called Big Business Day. BBD is intended as a day to publicize the depravity of corporate America. "The public must be made aware of the extent of corporate crime," says Dan Becker, director of the Public Citizens' Congress Watch. "Bribery, fraud, antitrust price fixing, and similar activities are going unchecked within our most powerful corporations."

BBD's sponsors have concocted a breathtaking assortment of plans to bring law and order into the boardrooms, all of which are carefully outlined in the March 7 issue of *Information Digest*, the intelligence bi-weekly that the Left loves almost as much as it loves Big Business. First of all, April 17 will be a day of protest in "hundreds of communities." There will be teach-ins, radio debates with captains of industry, "alternatives to big business" fairs, and nominations to a Corporate Hall of Shame. While it takes a fevered imagination to see these activities sending tremors through corporate America, the organizers of BBD have other plans that could cause some white-collar blues. The centerpiece of the campaign is the Corporate Democracy Act of 1980, and it is here that the fingerprints of Ralph Nader, one of BBD's biggest enthusiasts, can be most easily discerned. The act would compel all large corporations—any company with over five thousand employees and/or $250 million in sales and assets—to establish an independent board of directors to monitor corporate activities and make full disclosures about corporate operations. The act, Nader claims, would make corporations more accountable. Translated into bumper-stickerese, it would give power to the people.

Not surprisingly, BBD has won many friends, including such captains of leftism as César Chavez, Barry Commoner of the Citizens Party, Michael Harrington of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, and concerned academics like John Kenneth Galbraith, Irving Howe, and Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Capitol Hill has even contributed several of its finest, such as Senator Howard Metzenbaum and Representatives Benjamin Rosenthal and Frank Thompson. Of the three, Thompson is perhaps BBD's most valuable asset. Having recently been caught in the FBI's Abscam sting, Thompson should be able to scent the aroma of corruption.

30 per cent of the crossover Democratic and independent vote, while swamping all opposition among regular Republicans. In every contest since Iowa, with the exception of Massachusetts, Reagan has run far ahead of predictions.

Think about 1964 for a moment. Will Carter *versus* Reagan really resemble Lyndon Johnson *versus* Barry Goldwater? To pose that question is to answer it.

In 1964, Johnson had inherited the mantle of the martyred John F. Kennedy. Inflation was running at 1.5 per cent. Goldwater *lost* the New Hampshire primary to a write-in for the absent Henry Cabot Lodge. He was not very popular. The only significant primary victory for Goldwater came in California, where, in fact, he was dis-endorsed by George Wash . . . er, former President Eisenhower.

Goldwater's candidacy, from the perspective of history, was prophetic. He warned against no-win wars and the destruction of our currency and the bankruptcy of the Social Security system—notions perceived at the time as the essence of nuttiness. Goldwater was a man ahead of his time.

Sixteen years after Goldwater, Reagan need undertake no such educational effort. Goldwater's radical notions have become accepted axioms. Reagan has demonstrated that he is not a fringe candidate at all. He has twice been elected governor of our largest state, and he has demonstrated broad national appeal in the primaries. And whereas Goldwater had to run against the then master politician, LBJ, Reagan will be running against Jimmy Carter, otherwise known as Captain Inflation and Commander Nerd.

A Republican Challenge

The third Marquis of Salisbury commented in old age on how his view of London's omnibus drivers had changed over the years. As a boy he had been in awe of them—the lords of the streets, ensconced in lofty positions, holding the reins of great power, and ever pressing ahead. Later on, he had learned to appreciate the precariousness of their circumstances—anxiously trying to fend off buffetings from all directions while being pushed along by the flow of traffic. Salisbury compared the experience of running his country's external affairs to a busman's harassed lot. The experience, bringing unceasing vicissitude instead of the expected scope and glory, had been disappointing when measured against the anticipations of his young imagination.

Thus it has been—in a downright way—for President Carter and his Administration. With respect to foreign policy specifically, though not to the exclusion of other aspects, the mental baggage brought into office in 1977 was essentially juvenile, in the sense of re-

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The Anderson Difference

He's witty, as in FDR;
  Exotic, as in Bella.
Like Adlai, he's a bit bizarre—
  With Neville's black umbrella.
"He thinks!" the scriveners proclaim;
  The kiddies echo: "Wow!"
But I perceive a fleeting fame
  As exit follows bow.

W. H. VON DREELE

flecting psychological and intellectual immaturity. The buffetings the Administration has experienced have been fearsome, its responses baffling.

The Carter Administration entered with an array of prospective undertakings. These had been determined upon uncritically, for they were deemed abstractly good without regard for the limiting aspects of the milieu within which foreign policy must operate. The Administration had, as it were, a list of abstract destinations but nothing resembling a road map. The point brings us back to the beset London busmen of Lord Salisbury's simile. The busmen had reachable goals in mind and knew how to tell where they were from one block to another. They were harassed but not adrift. The Administration gives every sign of being not merely in recurrent difficulties but indeed in perpetual quandary. Every jolt comes as a surprise. The responses are sometimes phlegmatic and at other times spasmodic. The result is unceasing alternation between torpor and the waterbug effect—the dartings about which are reflective of no relevant design but are the fitful and feckless signs of untethered activism.

For those of us who are not involved in the day-to-day and week-to-week twitchings that now pass for foreign policy, it is of salient importance to avoid becoming engrossed with them. The jiggles and jostles over Middle East policy (how many popes does that division have?) are as little worth serious attention as a blow-by-blow account of a Punch-and-Judy show. Keeping up with the endless empty bustlings that pass for treating with Bani-Sadr is no more informative than tracing the flight patterns of sparrows. Yet such are the matters, in prolix detail, foisted upon our daily notice by the media. An analogue to Gresham's Law applies here. Meaningless profusions drive serious concerns out of mind. The bad side of the exhortation to stand behind the President in these troubled times is an implication that he is up to something significant. Trying to stand behind a man who has St. Vitus's dance exhausts one's sensibilities. The effect can be as stultifying as it would have been if devotees to the integrity of the Federal Union had cheered themselves hoarse in support of President Buchanan's lack of endeavor.

Former President Gerald Ford's recent imputation to President Carter of improvement in his performance as a result of on-the-job training was generous to a fault. Indeed, it was unfounded. Nothing to signify any such gain has occurred nor is to be expected. The residual hope, the only hope, is for a successor Administration to take over at the start of 1981 —and with the country's international position not yet so far undermined as to foreclose recovery.

It is imperative for the Republican leadership to begin at the earliest practicable moment to make plans that will enable it to take advantage of that opportunity if it occurs. Once the nominee has been designated, it will be incumbent upon him, as a necessary measure of prudence and foresight, to assemble a small-scale National Security Council—a quasi- or shadow-Cabinet of sorts for projecting the replenishment of the country's strategic strength and the reordering of its foreign policy. Such a group should consist of a few persons with long, relevant experience, recognized expertise, and acknowledged prestige —chosen not so much to grind out pronouncements for the candidate to utter from the stump as to provide a headstart on the comprehensive salvaging operation that must be tackled next January. The members should be selected for their comprehension of the problems and for their patriotism—and without regard to their positions in intra-party rivalries or even to their partisan identifications. As the paratroopers would say, the next Administration must land on its feet and running. It will be a time for summoning up the nation in succession to an Administration that has known only, in its trivial way, how to humor segments of the populace.

Kemp-Reagan vs. Simon-Reagan?

The most important element in a presidential candidate's domestic policy is his approach to the problem of inflation, the universal pollutant. The problem will be seen, and approached, in 1980 as before, in political terms—slogans the voters have heard before, policies Dr. Gallup's people find promising.

During the past thirty years of inflation the Republicans championed The Balanced Budget while the Democrats denied there was a problem. The budget could of course be balanced either by reducing expenditures or by increasing taxes. The Republicans sturdily but blindly advocated both, became famous as The Enemy of the Little Guy, and dwindled to a

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permanent minority in Washington. There was something charming and principled and even, one might say, aristocratic in all this, just as there is something charming in the fellow who will go to the wall for the proposition that the earth is flat. Charming; but scarcely intelligent.

The Democrats' policies have brought us to an inflation that is now perceived as intolerable. Their answer, as given in Mr. Carter's pathetic message, is to Raise Taxes. This has got to be the least popular and worst-timed proposal imaginable, and it gives the Republicans a brilliant opportunity to regain political power while doing a service to the nation.

It is dismaying, therefore, to consider the disarray in the Reagan camp on this economic issue. Advisors such as William Simon are urging Reagan to Balance the Budget. Reagan can't decide between them and his other friends, such as Congressman Jack Kemp, who urge him to come out for immediate and substantial tax cuts, on the very solid presumption that the budget will be balanced as a by-product of a greatly stimulated productive economy.

The Kemp-Roth proposals are well known, they translate easily into simple terms (tax cut, production, jobs, growth, stable dollar), and they're proven winners at the polls. To be perfectly crude about it all, Mr. Reagan should remember that Mr. Simon has never stood for office, whereas Mr. Kemp is the Republican Party's champion vote-getter.

How about a decision, RR?

The $871-Billion Budget

Stung by an 18 per cent inflation rate, Congress and the President are moving to balance the federal expenditures budget and to clamp down on private credit in order to get spending under control. They are not likely to succeed unless they deal with the federal credit budget as well.

In a newly released study, *Federal Credit Activities*, the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) reports that the Federal Government plans to make $162-billion worth of new loans and loan guarantees in 1981. Government-sponsored enterprises such as the Federal National Mortgage Association and the Farm Credit Administration plan to extend another $97 billion in credit. That's a total of $259 billion in new government-related credit activity that will take place regardless of whether the federal budget is balanced. The President's decision to limit consumer credit-card use merely makes more room for the growth of federal credit.

And growing it is. The CBO reports that off-budget loans by the Federal Financing Bank grew by 70 per cent between 1976 and 1979, or twice the rate of growth in federal spending. New loan guarantees grew faster—by 108 per cent.

Loan guarantees have become popular with the politicians because they can often substitute for spending or on-budget lending in order to escape normal budget controls. The Federal Financing Bank hides other federal credit activity by transferring on-budget lending to off-budget status.

The CBO points out that to get a true measure of the Federal Government's impact on the economy, you have to add together the spending programs ($612 billion for 1981 as of the March revisions) and the credit programs ($269 billion for 1981). The true federal budget, then, could be considered to be $871 billion, or 42 per cent bigger than it looks. That's why there's so much inflation and so little productivity.

All the Gossip That's Fit to Print

Michael Ledeen, in the latest issue of *The American Spectator*, grades the American press on its coverage of the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. The press flunks.

American newsmen were remarkably stingy with military facts. "If you had read the European press," Mr. Ledeen writes, "you would have found all sorts of useful information, from the width of the road hastily constructed by the Soviets for resupply of their troops, to the comportment of Soviet soldiers." American reporters showed little interest in such details, preferring to mine the invasion for its political meanings. An unusual exception: Roland Tyrrell of the *Los Angeles Times* (who reported, among other things, that "Soviet advisors effectively disarmed two key armored Afghan divisions days before [the attack] . . . by persuading officers to turn over their ammunition for inventory and their tank batteries for winterizing").

American treatment of the political ramifications, meanwhile, was eccentric and inept. The media ignored reports that American intelligence had warned the White House as early as July of a possible Soviet move. Instead, the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* devoted column inches to the wool-gathering of Marshall Shulman (who judged that the Soviet leadership had "badly miscalculated" both the military difficulties and "the reaction [the invasion] would provoke in the United States and much of the world").

We have seen the pattern before. During the Tet offensive of 1968, according to Peter Braestrup's *Big Story*, the press "published considerable 'analysis' and second-hand reportage, much of it clouded by error and hypothesis . . . written far from the scene. Moreover, in the absence of detailed knowledge of the

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situation on the ground—and genuine specialists on Vietnamese affairs were rare—instant 'experts' were created by the media at home."

The American press, in other words, concentrates on what it knows best—the epiphenomenal world of academics, policy analysts, and Washington gossips. Tanks, roads, the history of Russian behavior, and the nature of Communist ideology—these are *terra incognita*. Europeans, not protected by the Atlantic Ocean and not spoiled by thirty years of omnipotence, are naturally more realistic. Subscription blanks for the London *Daily Telegraph* are available in the lobby.

Squeaky Sweeney

Jumping the gun a bit, the *Washington Post*, two days after Allard Lowenstein's death, headlined a front-page profile of his killer "A Victim of the '60s." In the past it has been customary to withhold pity from the murderer at least until the body was cold.

Since the early Sixties the nation has seen a spate of political violence, confirming the contention of the Left that ours is a violent society. All that need be added is that most of the violence—outside the South, nearly all of it—has been perpetrated by the Left. Yippies, Weathermen, Jonestown, Symbionese Liberation Army, SDS, all have asserted a sovereign right to violate "bourgeois" morality for the sake of change. The first of the Sixties assassins, Lee Harvey Oswald, was a fervent Castroite.

The Left has provided role models and rationales for violence committed even by people not strictly part of it, or even classifiable. Hanafi Muslims, hijackers, and assorted nuts have taken advantage of the lesions opened by the Left. They dramatize themselves in terms of a mythology according to which violence is an inevitable response to oppression. Even the looniest loners have sensed that their best chance for social impact lies in claiming the sanction of leftist ideals; the hijacked planes always headed for Havana or Algeria, not Pretoria or Santiago.

Freedom Now! Suddenness and violence invaded art, manners, politics, rhetoric. The academy—the academy!—succumbed. It wasn't just that radicalism became chic: it was that fanaticism became authoritative.

Who gave it its authority? The received doctrine that always located progress and idealism on the Left, while warning of "danger on the Right." The augurers of the Sixties consistently warned of fascist, neo-Nazi, and Minuteman uprisings; police, we heard, were arming for racial holocaust, a "second civil war"; the government was preparing concentration camps for dissenters; and of course the FBI and CIA were making war on our civil liberties. These apprehensions were an important part of the Sixties too—a part we hear curiously little about.

When the real history of that decade is written let it be noted that the forces of change included not only men like the civilized Allard Lowenstein but men like his deranged killer, Dennis Sweeney: infantile idealists who wouldn't take no, or even maybe, for an answer, who denied the legitimacy of any opposition to their demands, and who resorted to paranoiac violence in the end. Let it be noted, too, that the Sweeneys, Jim Joneses, and Charles Mansons attained a certain entrée to polite society, and that a fascination with violence, fraught with furtive admiration and even open approval, found ample cultural expression, from the records of the Beatles to *The New York Review of Books*. It is no accident, to borrow an ancient Left locution, that Beach Boys drummer Dennis Wilson once entertrained Charles Manson's merry band in his seacoast villa, or that Manson dreamed of becoming a rock star, or that Roman Polanski is both a movie director and a criminal, or that Dennis Sweeney's ex-wife is now married to Dr. Peter Bourne, whose prescription-happy ways cost him his job in the White House. Strange. The first major casualty of the Sixties was Jack Kennedy. The last may be the Carter Administration.

Allard Lowenstein, R I P

(Remarks at the Memorial Service for Allard Lowenstein, March 18, 1980, by WFB)

Possibly, as a dissenter, my own experience with him was unique, in that we conservatives did not generally endorse his political prescriptions. So that we were, presumptively, opponents of Al Lowenstein, in those straitened chambers in which we spend, and misspend, so much of our lives. It was his genius that so many of those he touched—generally arriving a half-hour late—discovered intuitively the underlying communion. He was, in our time, *the* original activist, such was his impatience with the sluggishness of justice; so that his rhythms were more often than not disharmonious with those that govern the practical, banausic councils of this world. His habits were appropriately disarrayed. He was late to breakfast, to his appointments; late in announcing his sequential availability for public service. He was punctual only in registering (though often under-age) for service in any army that conceived itself bound to righteousness.

How did he live such a life, so hectic with public concern, while preoccupying himself so fully with individual human beings: whose torments, never mind

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their singularity, he adopted as his own, with the passion that some give only to the universal? Eleanor Roosevelt, James Burnham once mused, looked on all the world as her personal slum project. Although he was at home with collectivist formulations, one had the impression of Allard Lowenstein that he might be late in aborting a Third World War—because of his absorption with the problems of one sophomore. Oh, they followed him everywhere; because we experienced in him the essence of an entirely personal dedication. Of all the partisans I have known, from the furthest steppes of the spectrum, his was the most undistracted concern, not for humanity—though he was conversant with big-think idiom—but with human beings.

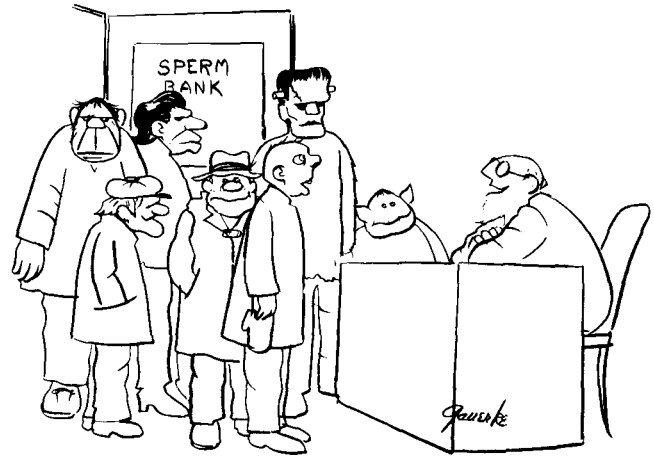
Those of us who dealt with him (often in those narrow passages constrained by time-clocks and fire-laws and deadlines) think back ruefully on the happy blend of purpose and carelessness with which he arranged his own career and his own schedule. A poet might be tempted to say, "If only the Lord had granted us that Allard should also have arrived late at his own assassination!"

But all his life he was felled by mysteries, dominant among them those most readily understood by more worldly men—namely, that his rhythms were not of this world. His days, foreshortened, lived out the secular dissonances. "Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a span long: and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity." The psalmist spoke of Al, on Friday last—"I became dumb, and opened not my mouth; for it was Thy doing." To those not yet dumb, the psalmist also spoke, saying, "The Lord is close to the brokenhearted; and those who are crushed in spirit, He saves." Who was the wit who said that Nature abhors a vacuum? Let Nature then fill this vacuum. That is the challenge which, bereft, the friends of Allard Lowenstein hurl up to Nature, and to Nature's God, prayerfully, demandingly, because today, Lord, our loneliness is great.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As of the end of this month, my subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW will expire. I had planned to fade quietly into obscurity until this month I received a letter from you asking me to renew.



"What we're trying to do is remove the stigma of elitism from selective sperm implantation."

I can't imagine a single individual of my personal experience who would like to read NATIONAL REVIEW. With your patience, I think I could explain the problem, or, at least, take a whack at it.

The problem lies, I believe, in the contrast between the people who *are* the conservatives of America and the people who take it upon themselves to represent them, in politics, in journalism, wherever. One could easily note the same problem existing among the liberals.

Among the conservatives, I believe the gap lies not so much in a gap between incomes as in a gap between regions. I was trying to explain to a friend of mine (from Nebraska) what it was about NATIONAL REVIEW which I found so offensive. I knew it wasn't in the articles and it wasn't in Buckley's columns. It was the rest—the snippy, vicious humor of the editorial comments in "The Week" and "For the Record," the columns on visiting New York art shows, touring Europe, selecting this year's fine Italian wines, and, of course, preparing dog macaroni (?!). It was the untranslated phrases in French and Latin. It was all of that . . . and . . . "Sounds like East Coast Establishment to me," she said. Eureka! *That's it!* NATIONAL REVIEW represents the East Coast Establishment!

This may not sound very important or conclusive to you. But for conservatives in the Midwest or the Southwest, this can be a very important distinction. Imagine this . . . a farmer in Garden City, Kansas jist gawt the corn in and settles down in the evening to contemplate . . . hmm, what might be this year's select white wine? . . . a chemist in Bartlesville, Oklahoma takes a coffee break and ponders . . . hmm, what could be the intellectual rationale behind punk rock? . . . a rancher in Redstone, Montana pauses to squint into the horizon and to ask . . . gosh, what're they doing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art *now*?

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The majority of Midwestern and Southwestern American conservatives are simply not interested in the doings of New York intellectuals. And most of these conservatives—many well-educated, well-informed, and intelligent—resent being made to feel like a fringe group.

At this time, there is *no* magazine of wide circulation which directs itself to these people. NATIONAL REVIEW *could* do it. The major articles present the facts and the views that are the cornerstones of the entire political philosophy. But the articles are sandwiched between the unusual vitriol of "For the Record" and "The Week," and "Arts and Manners" columns of a decided East Coast variety.

Barbara L. Barnes
Austin, Tex.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Check your records if you must, but I have been reading NATIONAL REVIEW for over 15 years. Here is the amount due for a continued subscription—perhaps my last.

Has my philosophy changed? No! Has your philosophy changed? I wonder. Over the years either I've gotten dumber or, like the liberals you often criticize, NATIONAL REVIEW is wandering and talking and being with its own type to such an extent that it knows only its own world. It's getting to the point in reading NATIONAL REVIEW I don't know what the article said because I don't understand the vocabulary or the convoluted sentences, and I certainly don't know most of the events or people whom you are discussing.

I'm sure you've received letters and communications about this from others. Who are these people? What are these events? How do they affect our society as a whole? If you want NATIONAL REVIEW to be a successful magazine, and I sure think you do, why not make the articles and the columns understandable to people with IQs in the 130 to 150 range, like myself, who do not live in Washington or New York and know all the intimate details of certain types of people. Perhaps you could go a little further and make it readable way down to the 100 IQ level and be an important force in the national conservative movement.

Hope you succeed.

Sincerely,
Jerome N. Batal
Energy Conservation Associates, Inc.
5911 E. Sunny Vista Ave.
Agoura, Calif.

Dear Mr. Batal:

Talking to each other is one of the worst vices the staff of a magazine can fall into, yet it's also one of the hardest to avoid. Just for fun, why not send me your latest copy of *NR*, with all the objectionable New York-Washington provincialisms underlined, or otherwise marked? It would help me a lot. Many thanks. Yours cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

With the task at hand I examined the NATIONAL REVIEW I was then reading, plus the next two copies, and unfortunately felt like a schoolboy who came to the conclusion that: I was wrong! I found no objectionable New York-Washington provincialisms. So why did I complain?

It's probably the Howard Cosell syndrome. Throughout the articles there are references to obscure—to me anyway—writers behind the Iron Curtain who have known local conservatives, none of whom I have ever heard of. It's sort of like Howard Cosell when he tells you, "Old #31 used to play for Tulane in 1963 and he scored that touchdown after intercepting a pass from old #15 who came from Louisiana's Southern University who we all know is old #38 now playing for the Los Angeles Rams"—etc., etc., etc.

More importantly I had a chance to review in depth the one NATIONAL REVIEW I previously skimmed through and to read in depth the subsequent two issues. Thank you. I found out why I have some long-held beliefs and why I enjoy your magazine so much.

Very truly yours,
Jerry Batal

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Since you were a student leader in the American Boys Club for the Defense of Errol Flynn (ABCDEF) at the time of his statutory-rape trial during World War II, I wanted to bring to your attention a recent *Los Angeles Times* (and wire-service) news story in which biographer Charles Higham alleges that Flynn was a Nazi spy throughout the war. The poor guy has taken enough licks in the twenty years since his death. I don't know where you stand on this, but I for one think we should stop kicking the dead. Especially those who've provided ten-year-old boys with so much vicarious excitement these past four or five decades.

As a former ten-year-old boy I resent hell out of it. Would you consider heading a reactivated American Old Boys Club for the Defense of Errol Flynn (AOBCDEF)?

Sincerely yours,
Steven Hulett
Burbank, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hulett: Count me in. . . . Does Mr. Higham discuss how a Nazi spy would have occupied himself in Hollywood? Prettying up the swastikas in the war movies? Indignantly, WFB
Founder, ABCDEF

—WFB

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WANTED: HOMES FOR UNWANTED CHILDREN

OKLAHOMA CITY—John and Mary found their parents on television.

They were just two of the thousands of children who were not being adopted because they were "hard to place." That usually means they're older, have physical handicaps or belong to a minority.

Anchorman Jack Bowen and news executives of KOCO-TV in Oklahoma City decided to do something about it. They drew on the successful experience of three other Gannett Broadcasting Group television stations, WXIA-TV in Atlanta, KBTV in Denver and KARK-TV in Little Rock, in televising adoption programs.

KOCO wanted to introduce adoptable children on television to show that they act the same, feel the same and need the same love as other children.

But at first, adoption agencies in Oklahoma City refused to participate. They said "It's never been done before here," or "We can't subject the children to such public exposure."

The only way to prove the value of the idea was to do it. So, with the cooperation of one private agency, KOCO began a weekly series called "Wednesday's Child" to air the story.

The first episodes were so sensitively handled that the state welfare department and several private agencies allowed the station to do profiles on other adoptable children.

Viewers responded in the best way possible. To date, they have adopted 25 of the 41 children introduced on "Wednesday's Child." Nine are in the process of being adopted and only seven are still waiting to be placed. In addition, 42 other "hard to place" children not shown on the programs were adopted by viewers who responded and called in.

And the program is spreading. Child welfare agencies and stations in other states have inquired about the series. Hopefully, many more children will find new lives.

All of us at Gannett are proud of KOCO and her sister stations. Their efforts symbolize the things Gannett is most proud of: professional excellence and a total commitment to strong, independent service to the community.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, TV, radio, outdoor advertising, film production, magazine or public opinion research.

That freedom rings throughout Gannett, from Lansing to Little Rock, from Phoenix to Pensacola, from Rochester to Reno, in news coverage, in editorial opinions, in community service. Each member serves its own audience in its own way.

GANNETT

A WORLD OF DIFFERENT VOICES
WHERE FREEDOM SPEAKS

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The Current WISDOM

There Are Losers And Losers

NEAL B. FREEMAN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—They are beginning to thin out now, those magnificent seven who broke from the GOP gate last fall. First Dole, then Baker and Connally and Crane; they have all departed now, some with their reputations enhanced and their prospects enlarged, some with their public lives already fading behind them. Each has cause to see the 1980 campaign as the turning point in an important political career.

Bob Dole, on paper, was a formidable candidate. He was the only man in the field who had seen action on a national ticket. He was the senior senator from a Republican state, a former chairman of his party, the ranking minority member of the Finance Committee. Solid credentials. Yet after a frantic year of dashing about the country he finished where he began, in the nether regions of public-opinion surveys. Why? If one can isolate any single reason it would have to be the magic word of the 1980 campaign: "organization." Bob Dole was incapable of attracting and motivating a team of competent people. He left former staffers on the street, embittered and talkative. In the absence of a transcending issue, people talked about Bob Dole the man, and those who knew him best had the most to say.

For all his failings, the man has a velvet touch with a story. Our favorite went something like this: "I was asked to go to Indiana and speak at some fundraiser. I flew in and the county chairman said they'd sold only ten tickets. So, to help I went to a radio station and gave them my bio. So we get back in the car and we tune in the radio and the guy says: 'Congressman Bob *Doyle* will speak tonight. Tickets have been cut to one dollar and they're giving away a color TV, but you have to wait until after *Doyle* gets through speaking. He was born in Kansas, raised in Kansas. He suffered a head injury in the war and then went into politics.'"

At this point we fail to discern any compelling motivation behind another Dole presidential campaign, but the Senate will always have room for Doyle.

Phil Crane entered the campaign with energy, good looks, and a why-not insouciance. He's still got those and maybe, just maybe, a brighter future in national politics. There were two cold-blooded premises on which his campaign was originally built. The first was that the New Right was more than a journalistic infatuation, that it could produce troops and money and votes. The jury is still out on that proposition, for Crane's original backers left his campaign well before the first straw votes were cast. The second premise, neither politically nor actuarially insupportable, was that Reagan would not stay the course and that Crane could so position himself as to inherit the bulk of Reagan's support. This premise, while strategically sound, has been dismantled by Reagan's growing strength.

Smart and Dogged

Phil Crane placed a long-shot bet and, apparently, lost. The only reason he may not move on from this race to bigger things—in the standard pattern of name-building campaigns—is that his platform skills did not seem to improve over the 18 months of his campaign. If Phil Crane decides to become a better speaker, though, he is smart enough and dogged enough to do it.

As for John Connally, it can be safely said that he went all out, that he lost big, and that he is now out of elective politics. We like to think that's the kind of decision he wanted—no buts, no maybes, no what-ifs. Anybody who has ever shared a room with him will probably agree with our judgment that America has just lost the most dynamic leader of his generation. No candidate on the current scene would have the *nerve* to offer him the Vice Presidency.

The only sure-thing winner of the 1980 campaign is, we submit, Howard Baker. He started with obvious advantages. As Senate Minority Leader, he is and will be at least until next January the nation's senior Republican official. What that means in practical terms is that Howard Baker is not about to get stuck with campaign debts. What his Minority Leadership also means is that Baker will continue to have a bully pulpit from which to project his views and his personality to the national electorate, unlike, say, John Anderson, who will be an ex-congressman from Rockford when his campaign finds its natural level.

Reagan and Bush?

More important than these factors, perhaps, is the timing of Baker's withdrawal (actually, for FEC purposes, a declaration of inactive candidacy). For perspective on this point, think back a month ago to the point when a Reagan-Bush ticket was a thoroughly agreeable notion. As the race tightens, however, the feelings between the two camps intensify and a shotgun ticket may be out of the question by convention time. (In 1976, you'll recall, a majority of the delegates at Kansas City clearly favored a Ford-Reagan ticket, but neither man would accept the arrangement.) Baker departs after making a good impression but before making lasting enemies. As of this writing, he must be regarded as the favorite for the second spot if Reagan wins the nomination. He would do for Reagan roughly what Mondale did for Carter, add party balance and Washington savvy in a mediagenic package.

Beyond the prospects for this year, Howard Baker has survived to fight again—in 1984 or even later. Those close to him, including the Tennessee courthouse crowd, point out that when it comes to his own career he rarely does things right the first time. He botched his first race for the Minority Leadership and he botched his push for the Vice Presidency on the Ford ticket. What impresses these observers, however, is that Baker rarely makes the same mistake twice. He cuts his losses, keeps his counsel, and undertakes to prepare himself painstakingly for the next challenge. Howard Henry, as he's known to the home folks in Huntsville, is already back in Washington, preparing painstakingly to be more than just the fourth most important man in town. □

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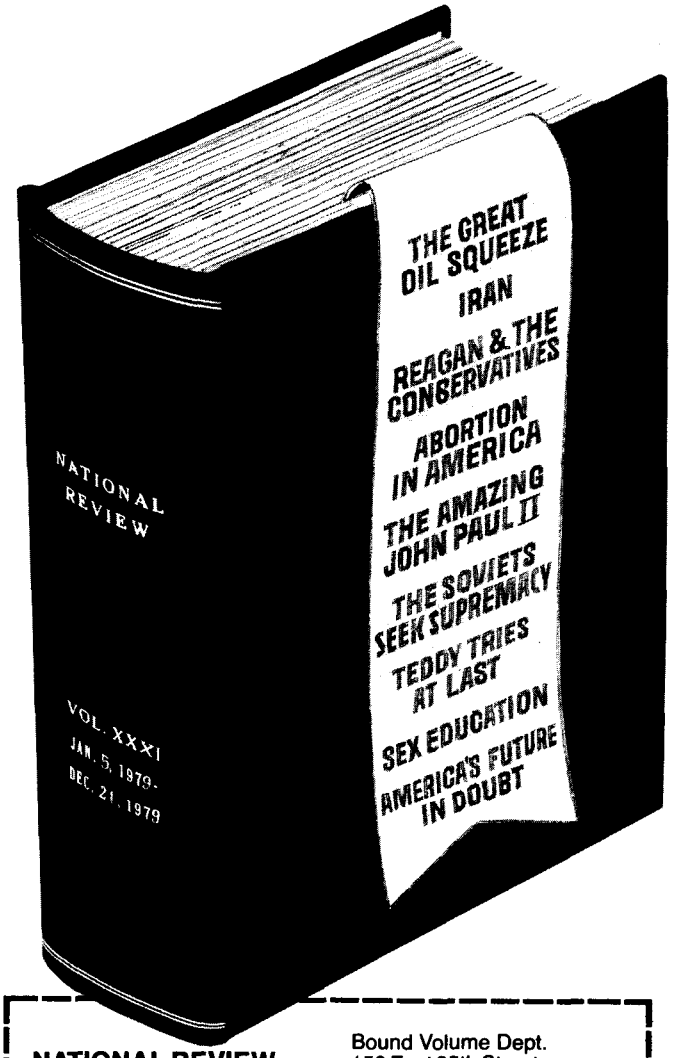

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Steadfast Allies

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

CONTINUITY OF leadership and consistency of aims are important ingredients in the Soviet recipe for strategic success, but they are not the only ones. Another important element, which deserves attentive study in Washington, is reliability.

By and large, and allowing for the occasional expedient treachery, the Soviets are steadfast allies. Because they are, the smaller fry who look to Moscow for support, and know they are going to get it, in turn become reliable surrogates and auxiliaries. The strategic implications are formidable, as we have seen these last few years in Southeast Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

A look at what I have called "expedient treachery" is in order, for steadfastness and treachery are ideologically consistent opposing sides of the same coin. In both cases, what matters is the strategic aim—and the best tactics in any given situation.

In 1955, for instance, Khrushchev discerned an excellent opportunity to turn Egypt into a client state. Gamal Abdel Nasser, a pan-Arab nationalist with delusions of grandeur, was shopping around for arms and getting No for an answer. Now there is one thing the Soviets always have a surplus of, and that is arms and military equipment. So Khrushchev offered gigantic quantities of arms to Nasser, in return for which the Egyptians mortgaged their cotton crop to the USSR for many years ahead.

Communist Patsies

Tactically, then, the objective had been attained. But the point is this. Although a socialist-minded Arab caudillo, Nasser was no Communist; and, at the time of the deal, the leaders of Egypt's tiny Communist Party languished in Cairo's jails. As far as one knows, Khrushchev made no attempt to get them out, but let them go right on languishing. Objectively, they were expendable.

It was much the same in 1960, a couple of years after a mad Iraqi army officer named Abdel Qarim Qassim had seized power in Baghdad in a particularly brutal coup d'état. When Qassim came to power in 1958, the Soviet tactical objective was the destruction of the unfortunately named Baghdad Pact, which John Foster Dulles had instigated. Again, the Iraqi Communist Party was deemed expendable, and the Soviets stood idly by when Qassim started bashing his Communists.

For that matter, Stalin left Mao Tse-tung pretty well to his own devices when the grand strategy of World War II made it expedient to welcome Chiang Kai-shek (if only temporarily) as a member of the Big Four club (along with Churchill, Roosevelt, and himself). In the last days of the Far Eastern war, however, the Soviets invaded China and handed over masses of arms and equipment to Mao, with which to defeat Chiang in the ensuing civil war. There's consistency for you.

The apparent *volte-face* in China was an illuminating, relatively early Soviet exercise in helping a Communist insurgency to transform itself into a full-scale war with a high prospect of victory. Since then, there has been a long, and lately fast-growing, list of successes (along with some failures or reverses). Here are a few cases:

—*Korea.* Stalin orders Kim Il Sung to strike, not bothering to inform Mao. A cautious President Truman opts for stalemate instead of the victory that is within MacArthur's grasp. History will judge, as they say.

—*Vietnam.* Khrushchev's successors decide (November 1964) to give all-out aid, short of fighting troops, to the Vietnamese Communists. Victory in the protracted conflict comes on April 30, 1975.

—*Angola, Mozambique, Portuguese Guinea.* Moscow decides to train and arm insurgents. Victory comes in the wake of the Army coup in Portugal in 1974, of which Moscow had foreknowledge.

—*Ethiopia.* With Soviet help, a Marxist government defeats Somalia in 1978.

—*"Palestine."* Soviets decide (1974) to back PLO. Outcome still uncertain.

—*Caribbean.* One of our running stories. Frustrated in Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay, the Soviets give Castro the go-ahead. Nicaragua falls. Next on the list: El Salvador, Guatemala, and Honduras.

—*Afghanistan.* No comment needed.

In the unfortunate phase of American history which we may hope is drawing to a close, the friends and allies of the United States have not enjoyed a comparable confidence of steadfastness. In 1959, the peoples of the countries forcibly incorporated into Stalin's European empire could console themselves with the thought that U.S. sponsorship of the famous UN Captive Nations Resolution implied a long-term American commitment to their liberation. Any lingering hopes were dashed by the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt Doctrine of December 1975, which formally condoned the Soviet hegemony.

Vietnam, Angola, Taiwan

The South Vietnamese, left to their own devices by the Paris Accords of 1973, were also deprived of the tools—the arms and ammunition—to finish the job.

The anti-Marxist guerrillas of Angola had reasonable grounds for hoping that the CIA would somehow enable them to continue the struggle against the Marxist MPLA, even though it had achieved power with Cuban help in 1976—until Congress decided otherwise (to be fair, in frustration of Kissinger's good intentions).

Taiwan is another example of betrayal, if of a different kind. Under the Mutual Security Treaty of December 1954, the United States pledged itself to the defense of the Republic of China and of the Pescadores for an indefinite period. That pledge went by the boards with the decision of December 15, 1978, to recognize Peking as the government of China, and to terminate the Security Treaty with Taiwan by January 1, 1980.

Leaving aside the controversy over whether the President had the right to terminate a treaty without consulting Congress (a procedural matter), the simple fact is that an ally of many years was simply being dumped—whatever the saving clauses about the sale of defensive weapons.

Although Vietnam and Taiwan are geographically remote from Europe, the European members of the Atlantic Alliance could hardly ignore such momentously discouraging signs that an alliance, unlike James Bond's diamonds, is not necessarily forever. □

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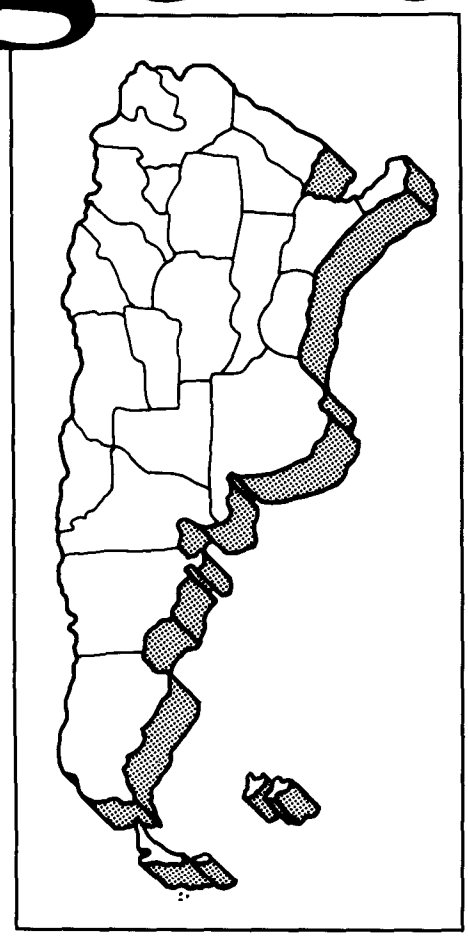
The New Argentina.



Everyone is talking about the *new* Argentina.

International leaders like Sunao Sonoda, Japan's foreign minister; President Francisco Morales Bermudez of Peru; Count Otto von Lambsdorff, minister of economics for West Germany; King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia of Spain; and Willibald Pahr, Austria's minister of foreign relations—all recent visitors.

Prominent guests like David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank; Michael Wilson, Canada's minister of foreign commerce, and Jack Spitzer, president of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

And it's easy to see why.

Look at the great natural beauty of Argentina, ranging from the snow-capped Andes to the rich farming land of the Pampa. Frankly, it's a country of almost unlimited agricultural, mineral and forest resources.

And the streets of Buenos Aires, its capital of more than 8 million people, and other Argentine cities are peaceful and safe once again for citizens and tourists. The dark night of domestic unrest and chaos is over.

William D. Rogers, the former U.S. assistant secretary of state for Latin American affairs, contrasting his visit to Argentina in 1979 with one in 1975, said: "Nowadays, we live in another atmosphere."

That *new* atmosphere is everywhere.

Argentina has always been a cultural center of the Americas, and once again, the famous Colon Theatre is the busy hub around which the musical and dramatic life of Buenos Aires revolves.

Leading musical ensembles like the Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Aldo Cecato, the New York Philharmonic led by Zubin Mehta, and the Zurich Orchestra as well as famous stars like the internationally-acclaimed Italian tenor, Luciano Pavarotti, are featured. This year, Buenos Aires will celebrate its 400th anniversary with a year-long festival of the world's greatest music and musicians.

Argentina's economic future is equally bright. Net reserves in foreign exchange are $10 billion—compared with only $20 million in 1976. The balance of payments surplus for each of the last two years has been $2 billion.

Argentina's economic infrastructure continues to be expanded and strengthened. It is the leading Latin American country in nuclear development with a plant at Atucha completed and another at Embalse under construction. Four more electric-nuclear plants will be built by the year 2000. The billion-dollar Salto Grande hydro-electric dam between Argentina and Uruguay is already working.

The World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank have approved loans of $420 million to help finance the $3.8 billion Yacyreta hydro-electric project on the Parana River along the Argentine-Paraguay border.

With its extensive on- and off-shore oil fields, Argentina expects to produce all of its own petroleum by 1982. What's more, the 1978-79 Argentine wheat harvest was 52.8% higher than the previous year. And industry is up 16.6% over last year.

As former U.S. Secretary of the Treasury William Simon said of Argentina following his recent trip: "In the past three years, it has seen more light than the previous thirty. And that is something seldom known in history."

The people and the government of Argentina are just as optimistic about the next 30 years. A new spirit is alive in Argentina—a spirit of vitality, determination and confidence in a better future for every citizen.

The Embassy of the Argentine Republic, 1600 New Hampshire Avenue, NW, Washington, DC 20009

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THE COURT

Judicial Government vs. Self-Government

RAOUL BERGER

WOODWARD & Armstrong's behind-the-scenes glimpses, in *The Brethren*, of the Justices at work have led some to deplore the impairing of the Supreme Court's influence, which recalls to mind similar invocations of the "mystique" of the Presidency against those who sought to air Richard Nixon's derelictions. So what, it is urged, if the Justices are "ordinary men": after all, they are no more fumbling than any other committee. But as John Leonard acutely remarked, this particular committee votes "on how the rest of us would be obliged to behave when it comes to abortion, busing, . . . pornography," and—it may be added—affirmative action, death penalties, and the like. It is a committee that has taken the deciding of momentous national issues out of the hands of the people. Their fitness for the task—to act, as some enthusiasts urge, as the "national conscience"—is thus of the utmost importance. Not that Woodward & Armstrong's disclosure that the Justices decide on the basis of personal predilections rather than constitutional demands need rest on backstairs gossip.

At the height of the Court-packing crisis in 1937, Professor Felix Frankfurter wrote to President Franklin Roosevelt: "People have been taught to believe that when the Supreme Court speaks, it is not they who speak but the Constitution, whereas, of course, in so many vital cases, it is *they* who speak and *not* the Constitution. . . . that is what the country needs most to understand." Today, activist academicians acclaim "the Court's new and grander conception" of its role, the "assertion of power to *revise* the Constitution, bypassing the cumbersome procedure prescribed by Article V of the Constitution." *Nowhere* are the Justices given authority to "bypass" that procedure, which reserves to the people the exclusive right to amend the Constitution.

When, therefore, Chief Justice Burger's confrère allegedly was "astonished" by his remark, "We can do what we want," he was oblivious of Charles Evans Hughes's earlier incautious "The Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is."

The Fifteenth and Nineteenth Amendments, which conferred suffrage on blacks and women, argued to the contrary, because control of suffrage had, from the beginning up to that point, been left to the States. The Court cannot confer by decree what the people judged required an amendment. True, that does not satisfy Chief Justice Warren's test: Is it "good," is it "right"? But Chief Justice Marshall long since held, and the Framers had earlier recorded, that a result's being desirable does not mean that it is required by the Constitution. And Justice Holmes warned against confusing law and morals. There are wide differences over what is moral—as witness the current abortion controversy.

The idiosyncratic nature of such decision-making is illustrated by Justice Hugo Black's insistence on immediate desegregation while allegedly resisting busing with the query, "Where does the word *busing* appear in the Constitution?" With equal justice one may ask: Where do the words "desegregation" or "reapportionment" of state voting patterns appear there? Indeed, the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment, on which the Court rested the "desegregation" and "reapportionment" decisions, unmistakably *excluded* suffrage and segregation from the scope of the Amendment, thus putting both beyond the Court's reach. If that be demonstrable, then the Court is guilty of a continuing usurpation of power—in forcing busing, for example, down the throat of an unwilling people. One is reminded of what Crane Brinton wrote of Robespierre: "If Frenchmen would not be free and virtuous voluntarily, then he would force them to be free and cram virtue down their throats."

Even activist scholars increasingly agree that suffrage and segregation were excluded from the Fourteenth Amendment. A few confirmatory facts must suffice. Seventeen Northern states, Justice Brennan recounted, had rejected black suffrage between 1865 and 1868. Hence, Senator Jacob Howard, who explained the Amendment to the 39th Congress on behalf of the Joint Committee on Reconstruction, said, "three-fourths of the States could not be induced to grant the right of suffrage even in any degree." The Committee Report—such reports are held to be the best evidence of legislative intention—stated, "the States would not surrender a power they had exercised, and to which they were attached," and therefore the Committee left control "with the people of each State," as in fact Paragraph 2 of the Amendment explicitly provides. The Court's "one-person/one-vote" therefore reversed the "irrefutable" intention of the Framers to withhold federal jurisdiction of suffrage, leading Justice Harlan, in dissent, justly to declare, "When the Court disregards the express intent and understanding of the Framers, it has invaded the realm of the political process to which the amending power was committed, and it has violated the constitutional structure which it is its highest duty to protect."

THUS THE Court has not merely been acting as a "legislature" rather than a court, as George Will has noted, but even worse, it is acting as a continuing constitutional convention, usurping a function reserved to the people. Were the people to become aware that the Court is *imposing its own values* on them, as activists unabashedly acknowledge, they would insist on deciding their own destiny. Be it supposed, Woodward & Armstrong notwithstanding, that the Justices are not just "ordinary men," that they are better fitted than the people to govern—even then, "government by a self-designated [and irremovable] elite," said an activist luminary, "is not the American way." Like Judge Learned Hand, the people do not want to be governed by "nine Platonic Guardians"; and no such power was conferred. That is the basic issue that needs to be spotlighted. □

Mr. Berger is the author of Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment.

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As you probably know . . .

. . . Bill Buckley has just published the latest in his series of spy thrillers (*Who's on First*, selling now in bookstores nationwide). It continues the international adventures of Blackford Oakes, a dashing ex-Yale CIA agent — it's the third Buckley novel so far. The first (*Saving the Queen*) is only available in the paperback reprint edition, but *we* have a number of copies of the *second* one, *Stained Glass*, in the original hardcover edition (retail price $8.95).

If you have not yet read any of these best-selling books, we can offer you the opportunity to get a *free* and postpaid copy of *Stained Glass* if you will do us the favor of subscribing now (or renewing your current subscription) for a full year (26 issues) at no more than the current $21 rate. You not only get this $8.95 hardcover book free, but you also protect yourself against any possible price increases.

Of course what we expect you will do is read and enjoy *Stained Glass* — then run right out and buy the latest one as well! But whatever you do, don't miss this opportunity to get one of the original Buckley novels *free*.

Stained Glass is a perfect example of *why* these novels have won such critical acclaim. Sure, they're in the thriller *genre*, but only Bill Buckley would dare add all the other elements — marvelous stuff you won't find in anybody else's novels, you can be sure. This one takes place some seven years after World War II (round about when Buckley himself was in the CIA . . .), and has plenty of action and a plot that will keep you guessing right up to the final pages. More, it really *does* involve *Stained Glass* — and what you learn will illuminate that fascinating art as do the windows themselves (i.e., you'll see it all from the inside).

Again, don't miss this opportunity to get this famous thriller *free*. Just use the card facing this page right now.

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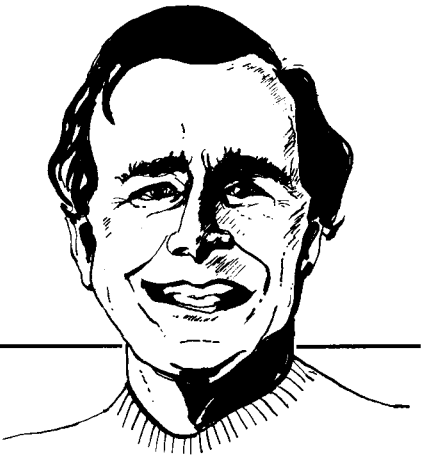
Stover after Yale



RICHARD BROOKHISER

YOU READ it first in NATIONAL REVIEW: "George Bush is the media playmate of the month" ("Letter from Washington," Dec. 21). And if that was true before Iowa, then what could one say of the month after? "Please—one more shot of George Bush." "George Bush has the most perfectly Republican form I have ever seen." "We think George Bush is tops! [signed] Delta Kappa Epsilon, Yale University." Moderates, joggers, party regulars were elated; ideologues, gas-pumpers, peckerwoods were cast down. If Bush swept New England, the press hummed excitedly, then he could win in the South; and if he won in the South, then he could win Illinois. And if he won Illinois, then . . . then . . .

But today, having gone one for three in New England, Bush is in Florida, trying to rally his team.

Bush's headquarters in Daytona stand on the mainland, sharing a block with a custom tailor and a unisex haircutter. But Bush is speaking at the Desert Inn, which lies on a tongue of land beyond the Seabreeze Causeway. College students are displaying the latest in T-shirts and cut-offs, and bikers take pictures of one another's machines.

All the rooms at the Desert Inn have exotic names, and Bush opens with a press conference in the Baghdad Room. He is a man whose youth is just departing. He is lean and trim, and as everyone this side of Nepal knows, he jogs daily. He has wavy hair and a wide, white smile. There are lines, however—over the bridge of his nose, at the corners of his eyes—which will never unwrinkle, and which give him a sad look. He wears a grey suit, and a necktie decorated with trumpeting elephants.

Bush spends half the press conference being polite to his enemies. (If the Republican Convention votes for a Mr. Congeniality, Bush and Reagan will deadlock for ten ballots, then pull out in each other's favor.) On the subject of Reagan, he urges Floridians "to look at the whole record, look at the experience. I may not be as far over on some issues as Reagan. I've made a determination to be more helpful in spelling these differences out." He disagrees with Ford, however, that Reagan cannot win: "I wouldn't say that of any fellow Republican." *Does saying you'll serve for eight years,* the press asks, *mean Reagan's too old?* "No, it means I'm young enough." Bush resists even greater temptations on the subject of John Anderson (Anderson trailed Bush closely in the Massachusetts primary the night before, and Bush was playmate no more: Walter Cronkite addressed Anderson in tones Hans Küng considers inappropriate for Christ, and New York City is still echoing with the whoops of the *New York Times*). "I thought the guy who came in first won," Bush says, but he congratulates Anderson on his effort. Bush also refuses to say flat-out that "Anderson couldn't be nominated." *What would Anderson's nomination mean?* "He won't get it, so I'm not even going to speculate." *Why won't he get it?* "He won't get delegates." Bush smiles. "I won't say what you want me to say about Anderson. [But] you have to prove a national candidacy."

THE REPORTERS turn to other questions. Lyndon LaRouche, of the U.S. Labor Party, charged in New Hampshire that Skull and Bones, a fraternity of Yale seniors to which Bush belonged, was "a serious, dedicated conspiracy against the U.S. Constitution." What does Bush think of such talk? (What do editors think of reporters who ask such stupid questions?) "I may walk out of the room," Bush warns.* "I'd say more but there're certain secrets we keep: I wouldn't reveal the grip."

There are bugaboos more serious, however, than college fraternities. There exists a thing called the Trilateral Commission—an organization of businessmen, academics, and foreign-policy types from Western Europe, North America,

*"It is a Princeton tradition that whenever a Yale man who is a member of the widely advertised 'Skull and Bones' hears the sacred name mentioned, he must leave the room. . . . Therefore, at each performance of *Ha-Ha Hortense!* half a dozen seats were kept from sale and occupied by six of the worst-looking vagabonds that could be hired from the streets. At the moment in the show where Firebrand, the Pirate Chief, pointed at his black flag and said, 'I am a Yale graduate- note my Skull and Bones!' at this very moment the six vagabonds were instructed to rise conspicuously and leave the theater with looks of deep melancholy." F. Scott Fitzgerald, *This Side of Paradise.*

This is the fourth in a series of profiles of the presidential candidates by Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor of NR.

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and Japan. Its members have long been thought of, in the ideological hinterlands, as liberals (mostly true) and sinister agents of the Rockefellers (false). Bush was a member for 17 months in the late Seventies; and suddenly, the *Manchester Union Leader* was issuing warnings about the Commission; the attacks have continued in Florida; and Bush is not amused. "Look," he says, "Bill Casey is Reagan's campaign manager. He's a decent, honorable man—I wish he was for me he's a member of the Council on Foreign Relations. Cap Weinberger—a member of Reagan's steering committee he's a member of the Trilateral Commission." Bush ticks off other members of Reagan's and Connally's staffs. "I understand looking for theories of what's wrong, but there's nothing to that."

How well do you feel you must do in Florida? "A respectable showing." *How respectable?* Bush won't give numbers, "even though I'm in the third phase of the campaign," which calls for "optimizing and maximizing specificity." The press laughs at the parodied jargon, and Bush turns and descends a staircase into the Forum Room for a speech.

The Forum Room holds four hundred Florida Republicans, assembled for the Volusia/Flagler Lincoln Day Luncheon. The dais is decorated with black paper silhouettes of Lincoln, and inflated elephants wearing red-and-white-striped top hats. Tom Kleppe, Bush's Florida campaign manager, does the introducing. Kleppe, who has a four-week-old son (the crowd sighs parentally), says he "can't think of anything more exciting than traveling around this state, having a young son and campaigning for George Bush." Bush rises, the audience rises in ovation, Bush begins.

Midway through his campaign, Bush took speaking lessons. His early performances must have been something to see. He still drops pauses in awkward places, like a moving man leaving a piano on the stairs. In press conferences, he tends to clasp his hands behind his back; in speeches, he jerks them and thrusts them. Someone has told him that shouting indicates passion. He is only five times better than Jimmy Carter.

"No one ever said running for President would be easy," he begins, "that it would be handed to you." But the moral of the Massachusetts primary is that "if you get in and work," you can win. "We're gonna surprise Ronald Reagan!" (applause) –though "I will not campaign to tear down some other Republican" (more applause).

Bush then launches into what has become a routine patter of self-defense. On abortion, Bush takes what might be called the Stephen Douglas position—he favors a constitutional amendment leaving the matter to the states—and the right-to-lifers have been giving him hell. So "I am morally opposed to abortion," he insists, "and to federal funding of abortion, and I will veto it."

"I am opposed to gun control"—that is, to registration. Congressman Bush voted for the Gun Control Act of 1968, which banned the interstate mail-ordering of rifles and shotguns, and the sale of firearms to felons, addicts, and lunatics. The Act pointedly did not require registration, however. "I have never supported registration, and I never will." "Mandatory sentences" for crimes committed with guns is the answer instead.

He supports catastrophic health coverage, paid through private carriers. "I *don't* favor President Carter's or Senator Kennedy's health plan."

Bush switches to the offensive. Connally and Reagan, he says, called him a "liberal" at a debate in South Carolina. Fighting words. "I am not a liberal. I voted conservatively. But I have compassion. . . . I feel the cruelest tax is inflation"; and Bush offers to "tell you how to beat it." First, "hold the growth of spending below the rate of inflation." Second, "cut through red tape." It can be done, Bush insists; the President appoints the regulators; now, "all these McGovern types—get rid of 'em." Third is tax relief. Bush does not support an across-the-board reduction *à la* Kemp-Roth, but favors specific cuts to stimulate production—special credits, for instance, on savings set aside to make down-payments on homes.

Bush ends with foreign policy (he will put his primary emphasis on inflation throughout the Florida swing; perhaps he feels his service in the UN, China, and the CIA doesn't have to be hammered home). "I betcha you're as concerned as I am" about the present situation. He flails Carter for the retracted West Bank vote, for the fruitless UN Commission in Iran, for his on-again, off-again attitude toward the neutron bomb. "You don't build a foreign policy on vacillation or broken promises. . . . You can turn it around, if you understand the world as it is." Bush would "strengthen the Central Intelligence Agency of this country" (cheers). "The Bush Administration would not need on-the-job training . . ." (cheers). "The Bush Administration would not have Brzezinski in there calling all the shots . . ." (more cheers).

Gerald Ford, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of the moderate wing, has been hearing choruses of 'Will ye no come back again?' *from his loyal crofters*

He turns, for his conclusion, to his experience in China. "I saw what a society was like without the fundamental strengths" of "neighborhoods and religion. . . . We must stop apologizing for ourselves—[breath]—around the world." The Republicans rise to their feet once more, then leave the hotel, bearing away the little elephants by their trunks and tails. Reporters scramble for interviews in the driveway. "Now they're getting impressions of people going out," a woman mutters disdainfully.

A blue, green, and white Air Florida 737 is waiting at the Daytona Beach Regional Airport, and while it flies to the next stop, a reporter gets an impression of the candidate. Gerald Ford, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of the moderates, is hearing choruses of *"Will ye no come back again?"* from his loyal crofters; what does Bush say? "I don't want to take

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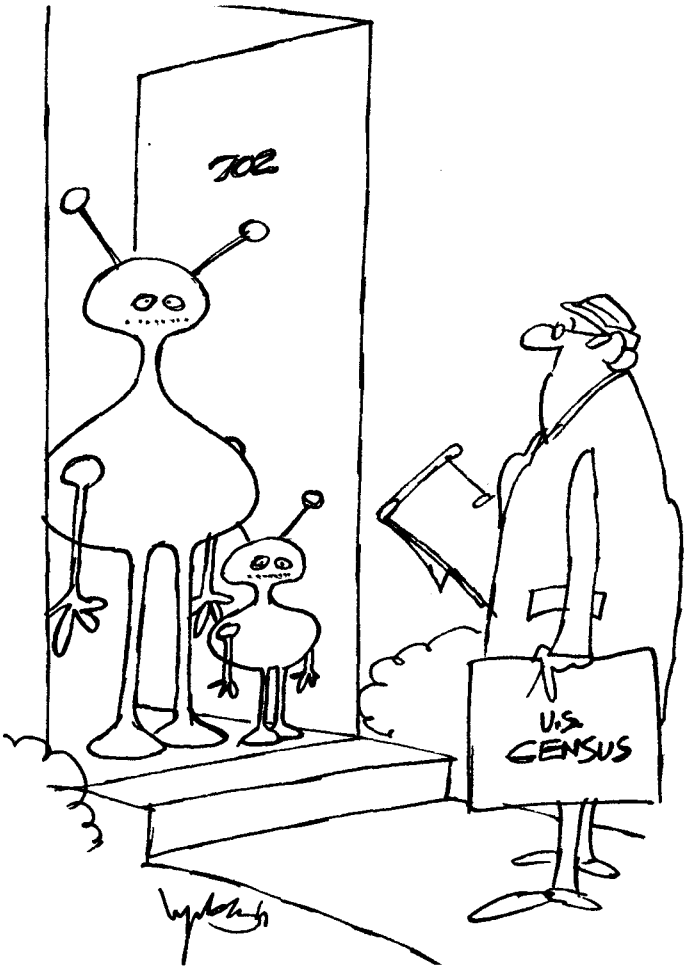
help !!!!

Gurbutt ROTHCO

"Never mind, Prince Charles may marry into money."



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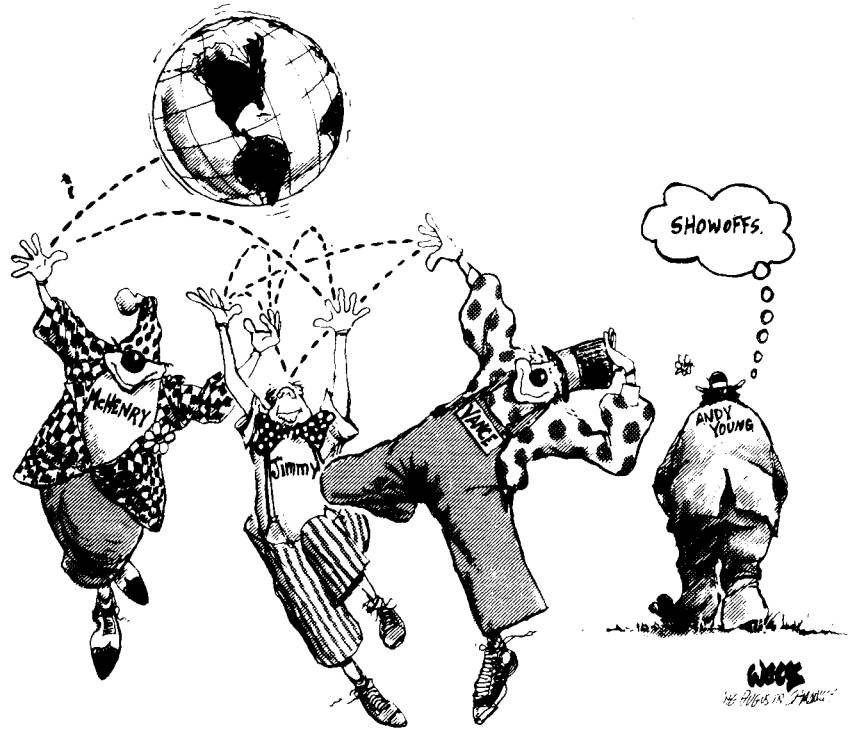
Teddy Makes a Point

Jimmy once got very shrill
Watching Russian soldiers drill
Not so far from San Juan Hill.

Citing things like "status quo,"
Jimmy said they had to go—
On a prime-time network show.

Brezhnev just ignored the man,
Leading to a later plan
To invade Afghanistan.

W. H. VON DREELE



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on Ford. If he got in, it'd hurt me. But he won't." He sees Anderson playing a role "only perhaps in Wisconsin." Not in Illinois? "No." Nationally? "No."

The 737 drops into Jacksonville. Bank and insurance buildings loom over wood-frame houses like invaders from outer space. Bush's supporters at the Jacksonville Hilton are wearing cloth pith helmets. Bush greets them all—"Nice to *see* you; good to *see* you."

He spends the afternoon cheering workers at his headquarters, and raking in money at a $250-per-person fundraiser in a private home, then returns to the Hilton for a rally. Four hundred Bush supporters have crowded into the ballroom, about 25 of them with signs, many of them handmade. A soft-rock trio swings into "Satin Doll," the signs wave, and Bush strides to the lectern.

The warm-up speaker tonight offers Merrill Lynch's television commercials as symbols of the nation's declining spirit: a few years ago, the ads showed a herd of stampeding cattle (whence "bullish on America"); now they are down to one rain-soaked animal. Bush, he concludes, is a "leader for the Eighties." Bush introduces Kleppe and emphasizes that "organization" will "really make a difference. . . . My friend," he adds, "a man I greatly respect, Howard Baker, withdrew from the race today," and he suggests the possibility of picking up Baker's votes.

Bush recites his litany of self-defense, and ticks off his differences with Reagan. Reagan has suggested, as retaliation for Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, that we "invade Cuba" (a slip of the tongue—Reagan suggested a "blockade"—and Bush uses the correct word henceforth). But this is impractical: "to do a quarantine, we'd have to use the entire Atlantic fleet." Besides, "the Cubans didn't invade Afghanistan, the Soviets did. I'm not soft on Fidel Castro," Bush insists, but he doesn't want to make reckless statements.

Reagan also said, in the South Carolina debate, that there must be no growth in federal spending. Bush outlines his own anti-inflation program, and argues that federal spending has to increase some—we must beef up the military, and honor commitments to those on—(hmmm, what would capture the attention of Floridians? how about)—Social Security. "You break the back of inflation by sensible economics, not over-promises."

Still, "the biggest problem facing the country is Jimmy Carter." Bush peels off another acre or so of the President's skin; emphasizes that he is the only candidate to have "built a business," or sat "on that Ways and Means Committee"; concludes: "I want your help. I need your help. This is a new decade, and I'm up for eight full years." He steps into the crowd. They come to him, hemming him in, in a corner by the band.

NEXT MORNING, the clouds that hung over Jacksonville the night before have dispersed. The cows in the fields on the way to the airport graze as in a fresco; the propeller planes huddled around the 737 gleam like toys.

Bush has another press conference/rally at the Sheraton Twin Towers in Orlando. He takes the reporters first, in the Palm Beach Room, which is cooled to the temperature of a meat locker and decorated in attractive puke tones.

The editor of the *Leesburg Commercial*, a small daily in Lake County, raises the issue of the Trilateral Commission. The crazies have been bombarding her with letters, from all over the country she says, lumping "Trilateralism, one-world Communism, and George Bush." Bush declines membership in the trio, and cites a column on the subject by Bill Buckley. A question on the abortion front. Bush is said to have told an obstreperous right-to-lifer at a fundraiser in Ft. Lauderdale last year to ---- himself (it's hard to imagine Bush saying such a thing to Lucifer, or even to John Connally, much less to a heckler). Bush denies it. *What did you say?* "I'd rather not repeat even that." *Gay rights?* Bush opposes any new amendments. "The Constitution does and should protect all Americans. I'm not in favor of harassment."

Bush and a reporter fence over the former President. *If Ford gets in, will it hurt your chances?* "His getting in complicates my chances. My getting in complicates his chances. I have great respect for President Ford. He made clear to me a long time ago that he didn't intend to enter the primaries, while reserving the right to change his mind." *How would you run against him?* "I'm not sure I'd run against him, I'd run against Carter." *Yet only one of you can be the Republican nominee.* Bush puts on his best Pangloss manner. "That's one of the fascinating things about the process: the voters can sort that out."

Does Reagan have sufficient experience in foreign affairs? "I think I have more." ("I've had responsibility [he says at the rally later], not from lecturing on some Lincoln Day circuit, but from having to tell the President how strong the Soviets are.") "He can point to experience running the state of California. I wish I had it. That's to his credit."

Several hundred people have gathered meanwhile in a spacious, open room with a glass wall looking onto a swimming pool. The Bush organization has supplied beer and hot dogs, though not enough of either. "He'll make a good President," one hungry gentleman complains—"he believes

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here's no such thing as a free lunch, 'cause there were seventy hot dogs for seven hundred people." A quartet in matching vests, bow ties, and arm garters plays "When the Saints Go Marching In"; Bush marches in, speaks, and takes questions.

ERA? He was for it, but opposed to the extension without rescission. *Women and the draft?* He supports registration for men and women. "I don't support women in combat, but I believe in fair play." *Gas tax?* Bush "strongly opposes" a fifty-cent gasoline tax, and mocks the "Anderson difference." The answers to the energy crisis are conservation, and increased supply: synthetics, coal, government assistance for solar power, tax credits for gasohol in the Midwest and wood-burning in the East (Bush also supports nuclear power, within the recommendations of the Kemeny Report). "We've gotta get off our . . ." He swerves, shifts into reverse, starts again: "We've got to get to work."

Thirty reporters and thirty supporters greet him at the next stop, the Sarasota airport, from which he heads to a Ramada Inn for three hours of "down time" (an annoying bit of jargon; who coined it?). As the sun sets in a white sky, he returns to the airport for a rally in a hangar. This is the biggest crowd yet: eight hundred people, a 25-piece band in kilts playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and cases of Busch beer. Also twenty young people, ostensibly anti-nuclear, though displaying a variety of other opinions on what used to be called "irreverent" signs: "Ban the Bomb," "Junior Anti-Sex League for Bush in 1984," 1984, get it? ha ha. They are not numerous enough to do anything more than stimulate Bush's fans, and he ignores them. At one point in the speech ("the way you guarantee peace is to keep this country strong"), they set up a chant; Bush smiles, finishes his paragraph ("you can't trust the Soviet Union"), turns to the annoyance, and smiles again. The crowd loves it.

George Bush enunciates a list of don'ts: *don't call for controls ('they lock in inequity'); don't repeal Taft-Hartley; don't permit common-situs picketing*

The crowd at the Inverrary Hilton in Ft. Lauderdale (Ford has been prowling the links there for the last few days) is quite different—the Gold Coast Chapter of the American Builders and Contractors: a mixed crowd, half in suits, half in leisure suits; a sober crowd, enlivened by a handful of claquers in the back. Bush's octane level sinks to match theirs. There are 11 people with him on the dais, and the master of ceremonies introduces them all.

Bush addresses the subject of economics. Inflation is rising, and expectations of further inflation are rising as well. Alan Greenspan is called in evidence: from November 1979 to January 1980, the Administration upped its spending estimates by $16 billion. From January 1979 to January 1980, it raised its projections of what the government would be spending in 1984 by $165 billion. Bush enunciates a list of *don'ts*: don't call for controls—"they lock in inequity"; don't repeal Taft-Hartley; don't permit common-situs picketing. But do press for a minimum-wage differential, and do "take a look" at Davis-Bacon (the law that mandates inflated wages for government contracting).

The contractors raise less technical issues: Iran, Baker, the draft. On a scale of one to ten, asks one, with Kennedy at two and Reagan at nine—where is George Bush? Bush puts himself "between Anderson and Reagan," offers no numbers. He starts to say that the party should not "self-destruct" as it did in 1964, but stops himself: "I'll back the nominee, and the nominee'll win, 'cause he'll be better than Jimmy Carter."

The contractors give him an ovation and a plaque; Bush holds the plaque for cameras, smiling.

WHY, I KNOW—*there are three senior societies: Skull and Bones, Keys, Wolf's-Head—but I guess that's all I do know."*

"You'll hear a good deal of talk inside the college, and out of it, too, about the system. It has its faults. But it's the best system there is, and it makes Yale what it is today. It makes fellows get out and work; it gives them ambitions, stops loafing and going to seed, and keeps a pretty good, clean, temperate atmosphere about the place."—Owen Johnson, Stover at Yale.

George Herbert Walker Bush was born June 12, 1924, in Milton, Massachusetts. A year later, the Bushes moved to Greenwich, Connecticut. George attended Greenwich Country Day School and Phillips Andover. At age 17, he met Barbara Pierce, age 16, at a Christmas party, and fell in love. Their marriage was deferred for four years, however: on the morning of his 18th birthday, Bush enlisted in the Navy, which sent him to the Pacific as a combat pilot. In 1944, he was shot down over the Bonin Islands. A submarine rescued him, and he received the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Bush completed his education at Yale, where he made Phi Beta Kappa, and first baseman on the NCAA Eastern championship baseball team. Bush declined to follow his father to Wall Street, going to Texas instead. He started an off-shore oil drilling company in 1954; when he sold his stock in it 12 years later, he realized $1 million.

Bush's father, Prescott, had served as Republican senator from Connecticut from 1952 to 1962, and in 1964, George decided to run for a Senate seat of his own, in Texas. He assailed liberal Democrat Ralph Yarborough's "left-wing radicalism" and ran 200,000 votes ahead of Goldwater—stronger than any local Republican in the history of Texas. He lost by 300,000 votes nonetheless. Two years later, he had better luck: running against a right-wing Democrat in a new district carved out of a wealthy Houston suburb, Bush won a seat in the House.

He spent four moderately conservative years on the Hill

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(Bush ran unopposed for his second term). His ADA rating in 1968 was 0; his ACA (Americans for Constitutional Action) ratings sank from 83 to 58. He opposed dovish policies on Vietnam and big-spending bills at home. He supported open housing, pollution control, and the establishment of a congressional committee on family planning.

In 1970, he succumbed once more to the siren call of the Senate. Yarborough had grown increasingly out of touch with the electorate—so out of touch, in fact, that he lost the Democratic primary to Lloyd Bentsen. Bush lost the election by less than 160,000 votes (Bentsen having profited from the support of one John Bowden Connally).

Bush's career shifted now from elective offices to appointive ones. He served from 1971 to 1973 as Ambassador to the United Nations, where he led a vain fight to hold a seat in the General Assembly for Taiwan. In January of 1973, President Nixon asked him to assume an even more hopeless role—Chairman of the Republican National Committee. "People come up to my mother," Bush observed at the time, "and say, 'Isn't it too bad about George,' like I had died."

Bush passed, in September 1974, from Watergate Washington to the freer atmosphere of Peking, where he served as Special Envoy. His fellow diplomats, like all his previous colleagues, found him likable and competent. They enjoyed his company for only 16 months. In January 1976, President Ford summoned Bush back to the firing line as Director of the CIA. This, by all accounts, was the job he enjoyed most. He helped Ford draft an executive order which placated the Agency's congressional critics; he resisted White House pressure to soft-pedal evidence that the Soviets had violated SALT I; he approved the formation of a team of outside experts to check the Agency's estimates of Soviet power. After the election, Bush briefed Carter (hopeless task #3) and resigned in January 1977.

BUSH announced his candidacy in May 1979, joining a field which consisted of Phil Crane, Lowell Weicker, Benjamin Fernandez, and Harold Stassen. Polls showed him standing somewhere between Crane and Weicker. He proposed to make up the deficiency by incessant activity. In 1979 he spent 328 days on the road, logging 246,000 miles and covering 42 states. He spent enough time in Iowa to qualify as a registered voter. No gathering was too small, no circumstances too humble. Ten men, according to the Talmud, are sufficient to hold a service; ten Republicans, according to Bush, were enough to justify a speech. "The next night, in Clanton, Alabama, speaking at a $6-a-plate county Republican fundraiser, [Bush] was given a series of tokens by the Possum Growers and Breeders of America Inc. . . . Then to the surprise of all, the mayor of Clanton thrust at George Bush a baby possum, which Bush dangled by the tail" (*Washington Post*, May 6, 1979).

Slowly, Bush's labors bore fruit. On November 2, Howard Baker flew up to Portland, Maine with the national press corps to record a Baker triumph in a local straw poll. Bush won instead. Two weeks later, he did well in another straw poll, in Florida. Connally was squandering money and staff, Baker was trying to build a house from the roof down, Reagan was as visible as the Man in the Iron Mask—and suddenly, the week of Iowa, there was George Possum, jogging across the cover of *Newsweek*.

The subsequent month appears, in retrospect, to have been one long tactical blunder. Reporters scrambled onto the Bush plane; Bush spent as much time telling them how he was going to win, as what he intended to do once he did. He debated Reagan twice in New Hampshire. The voters were not impressed. Bush lost again in Vermont, and scraped a narrow win in Massachusetts.

The tactical errors reflected a strategic problem. Bush lacked the temperament to hit Reagan hard personally. At the same time, he lacked the desire or the opportunity to hit him ideologically. Bush couldn't run as a liberal thoroughbred, because he isn't; and there was nothing to be gained from Liberal Republicanism in any case: Anderson can collect Tom Wicker columns till Doomsday; all they're good for, in the Republican Party, is lining the bottoms of bird cages.

YET THE EFFORTS Bush could and did make to distinguish himself have been enough to incur the disapproval of much of the party's conservative wing. Part of the conservative suspicion of Bush was outraged loyalty: Reagan had labored in the vineyard, fought the good fight; how *dare* anyone oppose him? Reagan supporters reinforced their protectiveness by spying defects in Bush himself: abortion, ERA, an economics that seems prone to fits of timidity.

But there were subtler forces at work. Some opposed Bush as a matter of class. No patrician, the self-styled populists argued, could communicate with the masses. To which the answer is: It depends on the patrician. One blue-blood from Hyde Park managed to be elected to the White House four times. The anti-patrician talk asserts that which is to be proved.

Most of Bush's class critics, however, worried less about the upper class than the ruling class. The more lurid-minded of these fastened on the Trilateral Commission. The Commission has indeed become the demon-group of the season, edging out such perennial favorites as the CFR and the Bavarian Illuminati. The whispers about its malevolent influence gain color from the fact that it has helped mold the opinions of one prominent American politician: James Earl Carter: "As a member for four years, Carter apparently never missed a meeting . . . He treated it as a kind of graduate seminar in international affairs, and read all the working papers studiously" (Bruce Mazlish and Edward Diamond, *Jimmy Carter*). What the influence theorists ignore, of course, is that Bush joined the group after five years in the UN, China, and the CIA. If any opinion-molding was going on, George Bush was certainly not on the receiving end.

Which still left the question in many non-conspiratorial minds—is George Bush too Establishment? Put it another way. Have the people who have run the country for the last (say) fifty years been generally un-conservative? Yes. Are there individuals among them who nevertheless have conservative impulses? Yes—George Bush, for one. Can a man in the latter group be counted on to resist the tugs and pressures of his colleagues in the former?

Take a random sentence from a Bush leaflet. "He is the candidate free of the limits imposed by negativism." Formally, it is meaningless, as meaningless as Reagan's *envoi* about the City on the Hill. Yet even nonsense statements

(Continues on page 431)

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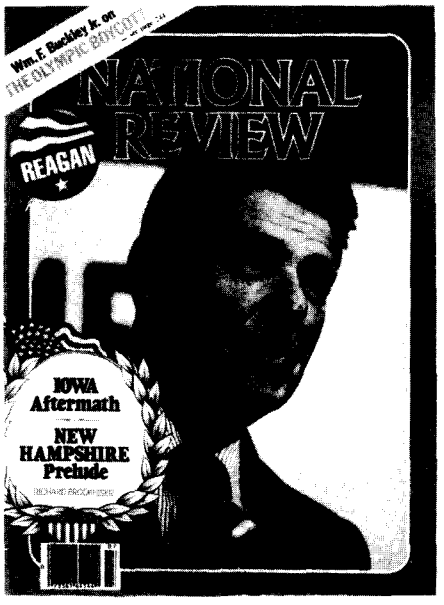

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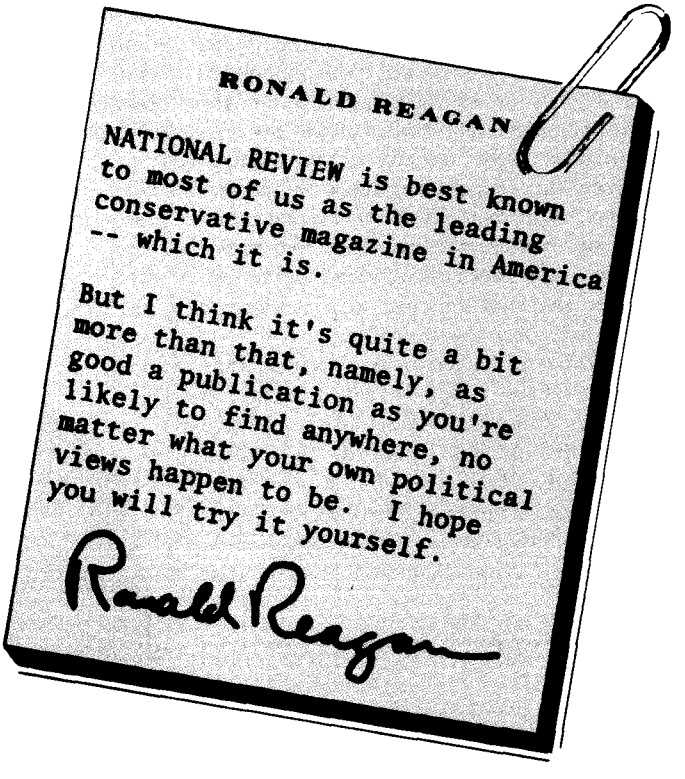
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I. Death in the Afternoon

JEFFREY T. BOLGIANO

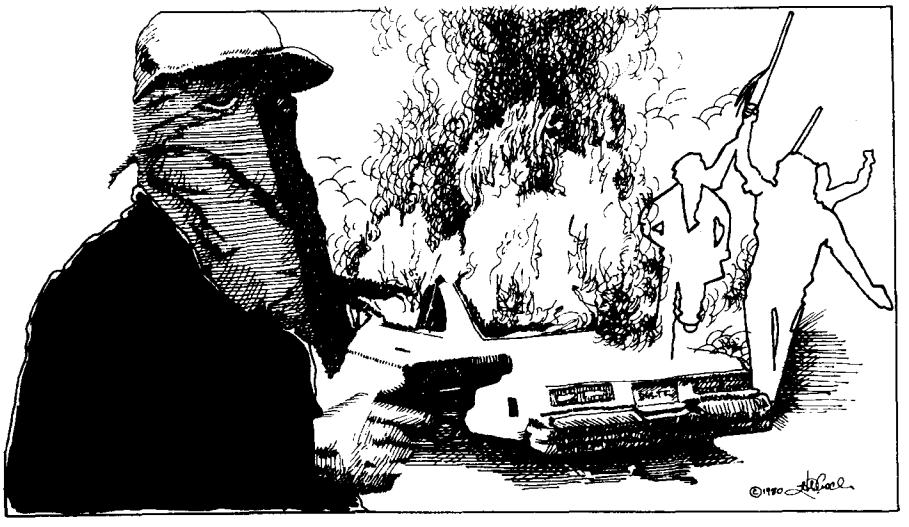
IN LATE September of last year, four members of the Italian terrorist group Prima Linea shot down an important executive of the Fiat automobile company in Turin. He was killed in front of his home, while he walked to his car, and his wife and son heard the shots being fired and rushed from the apartment building to kneel in the street by his body. Someone covered the body with a sheet, and the wife and son were photographed as they knelt by their dead husband and father. The picture appeared on the front pages of the Italian daily papers the next morning: the first victim of the autumn terrorist offensive.

The image remains far more powerful than the accompanying text: the unfathomable pain of the family, the icy indifference of the killers. Try to understand such an act. The gratuitous brutality repels analysis. Even the Mafia used not to assassinate rival dope-pushers in front of their families, but the young men and women of the terrorist brigades seem to give it no thought when they crank the names of the victims, and the roster of revolutionary heroes whom the murders commemorate, into mechanical, dead communiqués that will be read to a newspaper reporter over the telephone.

Who are the terrorists? What do they want? Few people in Italy seem to know, though all would like to believe that the incubus is outside the Italian peninsula. Trying to find foreign connections to Italian terrorism, however, has so far proven to be a fairly futile effort. It is only half jokingly said that no organization as efficient as the Red Brigades could possibly be Italian, yet most of the rank-and-file killers the government has managed to arrest are indeed Italian, and the two people now in custody whom the authorities claim to be terrorist leaders are both Italian university professors.

The targets are not always politically or socially prominent, but extend to shop foremen at Fiat factories. In fact, that is how the Red Brigades began: tarring and feathering a foreman, chaining a work supervisor to a fencepost with a sign hung about his neck. Fiat foremen leave work to find their cars torched, return home to telephoned threats. When Fiat announced, some months ago, the unprecedented firing of 61 workers at its Turin factory, it was claimed by the press that the dismissed workers had terrorist connections. Fiat has denied this, but does say that their unruly and insubordinate conduct had contributed to the creation of a climate of terror on the shop floor.

Municipal policemen, most of them having nothing to do with the Italian anti-terrorist effort, are coming under the Red Brigades' guns with appalling frequency. Two policemen in Genoa were killed by the Red Brigades while they sipped their morning coffee. In Rome, three municipal cops have been murdered while going to or from work. The slayings are of a kind. An unsuspecting subject is surprised alone by up to ten attackers, he is shot repeatedly at point-blank range with handguns, and the killing is later announced by the assassins; the President of the Republic will condemn the wanton act, and the man will be buried with great ceremony, his body taken back to his hometown, usually a small village in the economically backward Mezzogiorno. Class warfare, a cliché the terrorists invariably employ when vindicating their crimes, works often in reverse: a policeman from working-class or Southern peasant stock, murdered by gangs composed of college-educated youths who



Mr. Bolgiano is a journalist stationed in Italy.

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draw their inspiration from fashionable leftist theoreticians.

Apart from planned, almost ritualistic, attacks such as these, the last year or so has also seen the growth of more generalized terrorist violence, its targets ordinary citizens who are unlucky enough to be passing through a particular part of town at a particular time. Events such as the arrest of Professor Toni Negri, accused of masterminding the Red Brigades, or the extradition of Professor Franco Piperno, charged with complicity in the murder of Aldo Moro, or the anniversary of a fascist outrage will bring large groups of "autonomists" out into the streets.

The autonomists are a confusing array of extreme leftist groups that emerged from the breakup of an organization known as Potere Operaio (Workers' Power) in the early Seventies. They have little discernible leadership or structure. They exist on the fringes of the universities, and materialize for an occasional rampage. They are the presumed recruiting grounds for the Red Brigades and Prima Linea.

Vehicle-burning is their favorite diversion, and, while they greatly prefer to burn city buses, they will also grab passing cars and set them ablaze, after forcing the passengers out at gunpoint. The Northern Italian city of Padua saw just such a melee not long ago, for no particular reason. Gangs of autonomist youths, under the cover of a dense fog, rampaged through the center of town, firing pistols into the air, stopping traffic, and burning cars and buses at random. The few drivers who resisted were dragged from their cars and pistol-whipped. With uncharacteristic nonchalance, an Italian press commentary stated that, "had they not been firing their guns in the air, it could really have been frightful." In Rome, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of a bank bombing in Milan, five local headquarters of the ruling Christian Democratic Party were hit with Molotov cocktails by the autonomists. They are a kind of living extrapolation of Sixties student revolutionary rhetoric.

For Italy has never quite let go of the Sixties. In Berkeley nowadays one may see a group of students gazing in rapt attention at a 15-year-old Eastern savior with a Father Divine sales pitch, but not at Rome University. There the nostalgic would thrill to pictures of Ché among a variety of posters extolling revolutionary vigilance, simplistic political slogans spray-painted everywhere, and a peculiar taste for dated American rock. Open enrollment is the law in Italy, with all universities open to anyone who can produce the Italian equivalent of a high-school diploma. Rome University, built to instruct twenty thousand, has 200,000 enrolled students. Or at least, 200,000 young people who *call* themselves students: the vast majority of them shun classrooms entirely, and little or no real learning takes place. Parents who can afford it send their children abroad to study. A quality education is hard to find in Italy.

Equally difficult is finding the white-collar job that most college graduates look upon as their God-given right. Unemployment is extraordinarily high among Italian youth. This is one of those perennial issues to which the politicians of all parties ritually genuflect; yet little time is spent in trying to dampen the expectations of an ever-growing leisure class that disdains what used to be called honest work. The Italian universities, with the elitist connotation they have always carried, bowed to the egalitarian demands of the Sixties by conferring the status of the elite upon all who cared to enroll. In so doing they attracted large numbers of young men and women who were fooled into believing that they could reap the benefits of a highly valued degree without expending any of the effort that used to be required.

Rejectionists

An interesting collision occurs when the student who has spent a number of years closing his mind to all thought beyond the slogans of the university confronts a society that has no use for him. In America this collision produced a run on the professional schools. In Italy it has spawned a concept known as *il rifiuto del lavoro*. This means the rejection of work in the broadest possible sense: the rejection of the notion that productive labor is intrinsically of value, and that an increase in its efficiency and output is a socially desirable goal. (In this way one can avoid those painful East-West choices that plague the Eurocommunist movement. Both models may be rejected, and the purest, most honest form of Marxism claimed.)

Repealing the Lord's injunction, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," is an interesting theoretical achievement for which Professor Toni Negri of Padua University has been credited. Negri's connections to the Red Brigades have yet to be proven, but this particular bit of ideological fantasy is at the heart of Italy's terrorist violence.

It is of course obvious that some people must work, or no one will survive very long, but the miracle of modern industrial society is the immense number of people who can be freed from everyday production to pursue other tasks. There has always been a price of admission: education, intelligence, achievement sufficiently compelling so that one's brethren will shoulder one's share of the load. For those with little talent but exquisite presumption, the accommodation that society works out is far from satisfactory. A man who feels a calling to superfluous social theorizing will not be happy as a gas-station attendant or a perpetual graduate student. The rage he feels at those who ride the gravy train is vented upon work itself. Industrial figures incarnate this evil system, and those young people who choose a business career are the worst of sellouts.

An Armed Lecture

Late last fall Prima Linea conducted a highly illustrative raid. Somewhere between five and twenty of its members entered a leading school of business administration in Turin. They walked into an auditorium where a lecture was being held, and produced their weapons. They then split up, leaving one contingent to guard the captives, while the rest of the terrorists rounded up everyone else in the building and forced them to join those being held in the auditorium. Once the group was complete, they lectured the assembled students and teachers regarding the evil course upon which they were embarked, and implored them to join Prima Linea to help make the revolution. Getting no recruits, they selected five students and five teachers from among the crowd of 190 and forced them into another room. They bound and gagged the ten and went down the line, shooting each one in the legs.

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The unreality of the terrorists' world is here beautifully revealed, giving us a key to understanding the casual brutality of their acts. Work is nothing more than an ugly abstraction, in which the terrorists have never engaged, and of which they have no conception. Those who are successful in industry are its symbols. The destruction of these symbols is accomplished in the same ruthless fashion in which the skilled theorist crushes a faulty argument. Arguments and symbols have no flesh and blood, and no claim to human sympathy.

It is very difficult for most of us to imagine what could possibly motivate a 25-year-old woman to shoot down a policeman of the same age while he walks to his girlfriend's door after his tour of duty has finished. Still more difficult to conceive of her moving in to finish off the dying man while shouting at his fiancée, who has run screaming to his side at the sound of the shots: "Shut up, or we'll kill you too!" People who read of this murder, which took place in Rome some months ago, shook their heads and muttered: "She's crazy, they're all crazy."

They are not crazy. They are playing at war, and their fantasy world of military language and class struggle isolates them from the real pain they inflict. Hermetically sealed within their safe houses, shielded by sympathizers on the fringes of the factories and universities, they move with ghostly precision to their targets. □

II. A Hunger for Authority

MARY MARTINEZ

ITALY ENTERS the 1980s with Europe's fastest rate of inflation and highest incidence of criminal and political terrorism. Because of the way Italy's government is set up, and even more because of the particular atmosphere of non-authority in which her politicians move, there is little anybody can do about it.

All the same, something has begun to stir. Italians sense it. In a speech here, an article there, a questioning attitude is beginning to come across. The two sacrosanct inviolables of post-Fascist Italy—namely, party power in politics and trade union power in industry—are beginning to be reconsidered for what they are rather than for what they are supposed to represent.

Particularly sensational was a 25-page essay by the veteran Communist leader Giorgio Amendola in a recent issue of the party weekly, *Rinascita*. Entitled "The Fiat Lesson," the article was prompted by a move that was as indicative of the new climate of budding courage as the essay itself—the dismissal of 61 workers at the Turin automobile plant on charges ranging from near-total absenteeism to sabotage and terrorism. Amendola's point was: Fiat fired the men and why not? Considering that the unions which had permitted, encouraged, and often instigated the trouble are dominated by the PCI (Communist Party of Italy), this article is one of the most remarkable Marxist confessions since the Moscow trials.

Then, in passages which bear out Thomas Molnar's contention that what has begun to wither and die is Marxist ideology itself, the old PCI warrior condemned the type of blanket wage increases the unions have been settling for "because they make for a mortifying egalitarianism that takes away all incentive and professional pride of achievement." Discarding routine leftist slogans about unemployment, he asked his colleagues to admit that in many parts of the country there is full employment, that everywhere the hardest hit are not the proletariat but university graduates. He admonished the Party for accepting without protest the presence in the country of hundreds of thousands of Indians, Africans, Arabs, South American political refugees, and a whole crew of workers imported from Poland who are manning the mines of Sardinia and taking over other jobs as well.

It is union intransigence, he insisted, that has held back the entire economy. Union insistence that obsolete and bankrupt state industries continue to function has wasted financial resources with which the state could have aided basically healthy private industry. Finally, a major cause of inflation has been union insistence that the so-called "escalator," which adjusts the wage scale to the cost-of-living index, be reset every three months.

Life as Usual

Younger members of the PCI hierarchy, beginning with Secretary Enrico Berlinguer, tried to downplay the Amendola outburst by refraining from challenging it directly. Admittedly there had been mistakes, the line went, but the blame must rest with the Christian Democrats, who were supposed to be running things, and with a capitalist society which refused to be transformed. At a meeting of the Central Committee of the PCI, the Amendola bomb was handled gingerly, then carefully put back on the shelf, and the participation of the PCI-led trade unions in the life of the nation went merrily ahead—with sabotage (a Fiat 128 was derailed on the production line the next day, nearly killing two mechanics, and three Fiat showrooms were gutted), with terrorism (members of the Policlinic local were caught with a pair of Soviet-made rocket launchers of a sophisticated type not yet available to NATO), and with strikes (air-traffic controllers on Monday, teachers on Tuesday, and everybody for four hours on Wednesday).

But things were not quite the same. Amendola had written his piece and people had read it. Even before it appeared, workers at Fiat had taken a step which a year ago would have been unthinkable. Called to strike in solidarity with their discharged colleagues, they stayed on the job nearly to a man.

Although the Italian media devote negligible space to British news, what is going on in England has to have had something to do with the stirrings here. For all their dissimilarities, the Italians and the English have been finding themselves in the same predicament. Un-

Mrs. Martinez, an occasional contributor to NR, *lives in Rome. Her most recent book is* From Rome Urgently.

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able to keep pace industrially with the Germans or even the French, they have come to recognize themselves as poor members of an affluent European community. Now, as the Italians see the English grab hold of their old, still solid, institutions with a fighting chance of escaping disaster, they realize that they themselves have nothing at all to grab hold of.

The founding fathers of 1947 wanted it that way. Anti-Fascists, dissidents of a dozen radically opposed tendencies, they had one thing uppermost in mind when they drafted the republican constitution, and that was to abolish central authority. Government was to function through the interplay of parties embodying the various divergent tendencies, with relative power determined by the number of erstwhile followers of the dead Duce each group could attract at elections. Only once in all the 32 years since has any party (the Christian Democrats in 1948) been able to obtain an absolute majority. Governing combinations have been set up over thirty times, and as many times dissolved. The present coalition, which took months longer than any of the others to compose, is nicknamed *il governo di tregua*, the government of truce—a temporary cessation of hostilities. Thus while the 11 political parties functioning within the two houses of parliament hold all the authority there is, even to electing the nation's president, in effect they have no authority at all.

German Dismay

The situation has long been a source of dismay to the West Germans, tied closely to Italy through NATO and the Common Market. This last fall Chancellor Schmidt invited President Pertini for a state visit. On his return to Italy, the 82-year-old former Socialist leader said something no Italian in high office, let alone in the merely symbolic office of president, had dared to say in all the years of the republic: "Maybe we ought to change the constitution."

It was no formal declaration, only a remark sandwiched between a couple of others he made to the reporters who welcomed him at the airport. But it was seized upon and, unbelievably, taken into consideration. Where once the cry "Fascist!" and even a call for impeachment would have gone up, now both commentators and politicians began to toy, albeit cautiously, with the possibility that the 1947 basic laws "born of the Resistance" may be out of touch with present realities.

But if Pertini had brought back only one German rule—to wit, that no party may be represented in the Bundestag unless it can poll 5 per cent of the vote—that alone would have helped. Such a law would cut the number of Italian parties in half and diminish the danger of an outrage like the recent blockage of an important energy bill by the Radicals (3.7 per cent), who demanded that it be modified by 1,037 amendments. The process took two days in an empty house, and the assembly was slapped with a printer's bill for $7,000. Meanwhile, the time allotted for passage of the bill had run out. A 5 per cent law on the German model could well break the chain of monotonous elections which all yield virtually the same results with no party ever receiving a consensus to enable it to carry out its platform.

The big excitement that put Italy on the front pages of newspapers everywhere is over. There is no fear of a sudden Communist take-over. The PCI—like all the other parties, with the possible exception of the lunatic Radicals—is in decline. Two years ago, half of its youthful members walked out, impatient for revolution and fed up with parliamentary time-wasting. Berlinguer's rigidity in the face of Amendola's challenge will alienate many more. It is not impossible that the next governmental combination (the present set-up, only months old, is considered to be on the way out) will finally include the Communists, but the feeling is that, if it should, the PCI would be simply one of a group; the arrangement would not be the dramatic "historic compromise" with the majority Christian Democrats that has been so feared.

Clearly the Italians, unlike the English, have nothing to lean on. If there is hope, it lies in the fact that they are beginning to grasp the situation and to distrust the old anti-Fascist pillars they have done homage to for so many years. Certainly things are beginning to stir. In a short space of time, Fiat took a stand, workers refused to strike, a veteran Communist said words that made sense, and a veteran Socialist pointed to the heart of the trouble, while politicians everywhere were admitting that the political machine had stalled.

Meanwhile, very quietly, in the town of Forlì, Rachele Mussolini died at the age of 89, and the press let her go with dignity. If Italians can convince themselves that Donna Rachele's husband is really dead, too, and that to run a country like partisans carrying on a Resistance is not to run it at all, they may well decide to treat themselves to a little authority. That everybody is hungry for authority is certain. □

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PUSHING THE MOSCOW LINE

Remembrance of Crimes Past

MORTIMER T. COHEN

SPRING AND summer of 1939: rumors proliferated of a Russo-German agreement. Indignant denials. American Communist chief Earl Browder said there was as much chance of an alliance between these two nations as of his being elected President of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Fritz Kuhn, "Führer" of the German-American Bund, thought the stories were a "Chewish trick."

August 23, the Pact was announced. September 1, Germany invaded Poland. September 17, the Red Army—at the request of the Polish working class—moved into that country, and on the 28th Moscow and Berlin agreed on the Fourth Partition of Poland.

When I got back to the DeWitt Clinton High School in mid-September, the war and the Pact were subjects of heated discussion. Among our teachers a good many (one-fifth? one-fourth?) were Communists or fellow-travelers, and before school began they had met and worked out a defense of Soviet foreign policy. But the fury of the students and the weakness inherent in the Moscow line were too much for them, and they were borne down by a wave of angry criticism. Then these same teachers, who had previously managed to turn every subject into a forum for their views, told us that debates over current events were out of place in Latin, English, chemistry, geometry. It did not work. I remember one boy saying, "Last term we talked about Russia here for a whole period and now you're telling us you don't want to anymore. Why? You're ashamed of what's going on?" The class hooted and laughed.

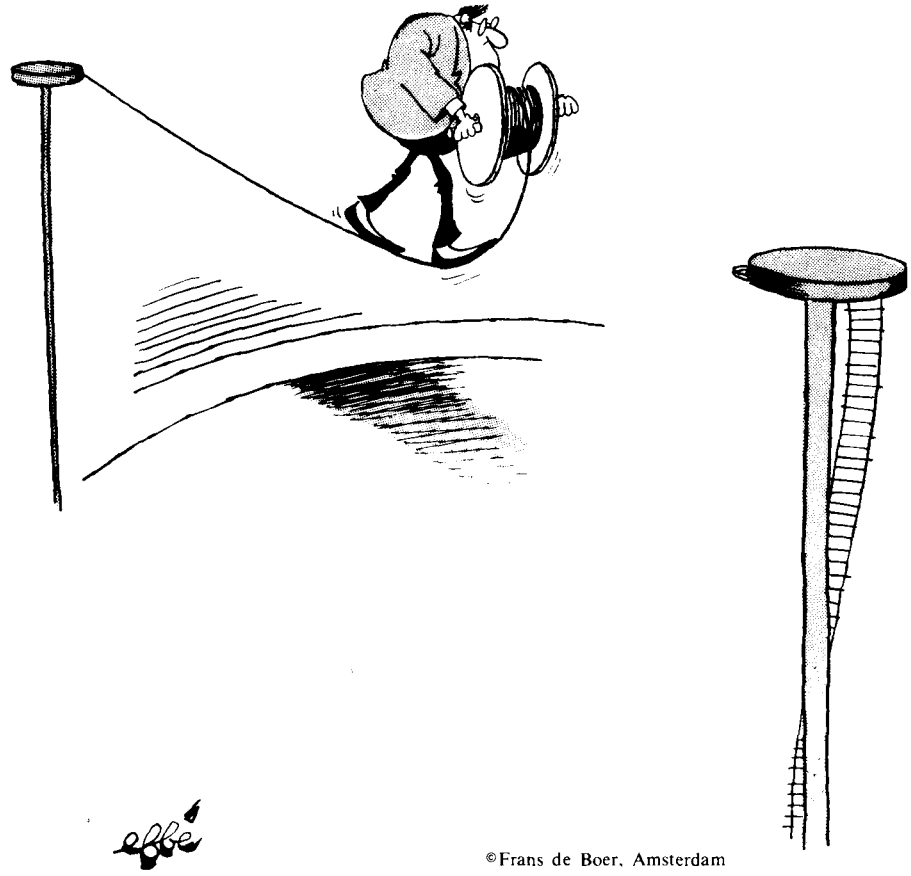
By mid-October, though, the World Series was over, the football season was on, and interest in current events died away. By Thanksgiving half the student body didn't remember who Smigly-Rydz was.* Then, on November 30, the Red Army—at the request of the Finnish proletariat—invaded Finland.

Such is the nature of the totalitarian mind that, instead of ducking discussion of the Russo-Finnish War, the Communist teachers now insisted on defending and justifying the Soviets. Debate flared again, and this time the mood of the students was bitter. We frequently interrupted classmates and faculty who tried to defend Moscow. During one particularly tumultuous session, the head of the History Department came in and asked us to maintain decorum and let everyone have his say. One boy yelled out, "What kind of a hearing would I get in Russia?" That wasn't quite relevant, since Americans are not supposed to guide themselves by what goes on in the Soviet Union. But it scored a hit, and the class turned into a shouting match. I don't recall the outcome. The teacher in question got little or no support from the department head.

Outside school, controversy and argument proliferated. At 86th Street and Broadway I saw a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade speaking at a meeting to protest the invasion of Finland. He was suddenly surrounded by a Communist "spit squad" which covered him with sputum. Judging from the reaction of the crowd, the Communists lost whatever sympathizers they might have had. But the squad thought they were a great success and swaggered away proudly.

At Columbus Circle, a group of absolutely lunatic speakers had a battery of terms for anyone who criticized Russia: Kornilovist, White Guard, Trotskyite, Zinovievite, Nazi, Fascist, Social Fascist, Oehlerite, Mahlerite, Lovestonite—the meaning of most of these terms known even then to only a handful of specialists.

But worst of all were the writers for the Yiddish Communist daily, *Freiheit*. These men covered with the coarsest abuse anyone who disagreed with Moscow. It was with no little delight that I read, in the Sixties, that one of the editors of *Freiheit*, after decades of serv-



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* Commander-in-chief of the Polish army, 1939.

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ce, had been tried for "heresy" and kicked out of the Party.

December 15, the Communist Party announced it was ending its support of the boycott of German goods. Explosion – especially among the Jewish members and those who sympathized with them. The boycott of Germany was a response to Nazi antisemitism. Since antisemitism remained, why cancel the boycott? The Communists squirmed in agony over this decision. Meetings of Party cells and front groups were ripped apart by violent disputes. Hundreds quit the Party. The leadership declared that the boycott could be carried on by individuals, but that the Party had decided it was against the interests of world peace. This asinine bit of materialist dialectics only made things worse.

One evening a woman who lived in my building invited me to a meeting of the "League for Peace and Democracy" —formerly "against War and Fascism" —at which the ending of the boycott would be on the agenda. I arrived at the Hotel Newton, 94th Street and Broadway, and found the place packed with people, all ready to rip into Russia. "Oh boy!" I thought, "they're going to get it now!"

Things didn't work out that way. The chairwoman was a devoted Communist and so were the five members of the panel. In the audience were a dozen or so stooges.

Lies or Irrelevancies

Whenever someone asked a question which was really a denunciation of Russian foreign policy, the chair or a member of the panel would "answer" with lies or irrelevancies. If the speaker sought to push on, the chair would reprimand him for seeking to "hog the floor, when so many others are waiting to speak." The audience was thus turned against the questioner, and he was deprived of the support he had expected. As he stood there, uncertain, the stooges would yell out: "Down in front! Give someone else a chance!" Then a Communist from the audience would be recognized, to deliver a crushing flank attack. The speaker would spin around to defend himself, and there'd be more shouts: "Down in front! You've had your turn!" The panel would next take up the discussion, each member acting as if he were impartial, deftly knifing the poor speaker, who was reduced to sputtering protests.

The end came when a stooge introduced a resolution supporting the Soviet Union's efforts for peace and approving the end of the boycott. It passed, since only members could vote and most of us were not members. However, when we had entered we had been asked to sign an "attendance roster," and I presume the resolution was affixed to this, making it appear that the signatories had all voted for it.

Frozen Smiles

Meeting over, we poured out into the frosty street, broke up into groups, everyone agreeing with everyone else that the questions had not been answered. Out came the chairwoman and the panel, met at once with questions and protests. But these worthies, having no wish to engage in a free debate, flashed frozen smiles and backed away.

In the spring of 1940 Norway and Denmark were swept into the German net; shortly thereafter the British barely made it out of Dunkirk. Now, 80 per cent of the boys at DeWitt Clinton were Jews, and they could hardly be expected to view these events with indifference. But the Communist faculty stubbornly held to the line that the war was an "imperialist struggle" between two powers neither of which was any better than the other. When one teacher tried to explain "neutrality," some kid who had never taken part in any discussion, so far as I could remember, stood up and asked, "You mean it makes no difference whether the Germans or the Allies win?" The teacher floundered through an answer to the effect that he was not indifferent, only neutral.

Our teachers persisted, in the face of mounting restiveness, for yet another year. On Friday, June 20, 1941, I took my last Regents exam. On Sunday, Germany invaded Russia. Instantly, those Communists who had worn buttons, "The Yanks Are *Not* Coming," turned around and called for an all-out war-effort, "to help the Allies and the valiant Red Army." I might have had some fun in the classrooms in the fall of '41, but I had graduated and moved on.

Sometimes, out of curiosity, I mention that period to people my own age. Most do not even remember that there was a period when Josef Stalin and Adolf Hitler had only good words for one another. A few recall, but, still adhering to the mythology of their youth, offer a "Marxist analysis" of those events which has no more to do with objective reality than Andrew Lang's *Yellow Fairy Book*.

Historians of those 22 months from August 1939 to June 1941 have an abundance of dusty newspaper files, cracking and browning magazines, eye-straining microfilms, books, public documents, letters, diaries. But how can the historian capture the inner reality? How can he clarify what it meant to thousands of faithful Communists to abase themselves morally and intellectually—and know they were doing it? To expose the inner reality is the task of the fiction writer—the novelist. To do that he must have lived through the time of which he writes. The generation that was in its twenties and thirties in 1939 is now over the hill. If such a novel were to have been written, it would have to have been written by now. I suspect the only record we will have of those 22 months will be the external one, leaving the inner meaning to be deduced by the readers. □

Mr. Cohen, a veteran of World War II, is a private tutor, specializing in preparation for professional license exams in the engineering fields. His previous works have appeared in Commentary.

What's a Political Convention, Daddy?

First rapping for attention,
Then warding off dissension;
Next choosing names to mention
Ensuring the extension
Of everyone's descension
From forebears of dimension.
Now hubbub of contention,
But hush, no condescension
Or any circumvention
Or hints of apprehension,
For lo! Here comes our man's
Ascension,
And that, my child, makes a
Convention.

—Corinna Marsh

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Ostriches and Lions

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THOSE EUROPEANS who really understand the world situation were not surprised by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. There was no outcry from them about a "return to the cold war," because they know the cold war never ended. They know that the spirit of Camp David is a figment of the imagination, that the Helsinki accords were a will-o'-the-wisp—and that an ideology like the one animating the Soviet Union is bound to continue expanding until it suffers a crushing defeat.

In the light of events dating back over the last sixty years, but most especially since World War II, one might have expected this viewpoint to be nearly universal. In fact, quite a number of Europeans, while rejecting Communism more or less decisively, still hope against hope that the Soviets might have forsaken their plan to conquer the rest of the world. To these people, the invasion of Afghanistan came as a real shock.

To find a parallel, one has only to remember the days when all too many Europeans and Americans, reading the sacred scripture of the Nazis and hearing their speeches, simply *refused* to believe the evidence. In 1935—*after* the June 30, 1934 purge of the Brownshirts—Winston Churchill wrote an article in *Strand Magazine* in which he spoke hopefully about Hitler, and in 1937 he proclaimed that England could have been proud to have had a man like Hitler at the helm. The same Mr. Churchill, in the House of Commons in February 1945, spoke of Stalin as "my friend" and "a great and good man."

Bread v. *Catchwords*

Why the great reluctance to face reality? Spengler maintained that optimism is cowardice and, actually, most people are cowards. In their coats of arms one should find the ostrich, not the lion. Another reason is the curious belief that people, no matter what their nationality or ideology, are "more alike than unlike." In this view, the men in the Kremlin are basically no different from the men in 10 Downing Street, the Elysée Palace, the Quirinal, or the Ballhausplatz. Unfortunately, they are. As Robert Louis Stevenson said, man does not live by bread alone, but mainly by catchwords.

Another reason for our sad state of affairs is a matter in which National Socialism differs sharply from International Communism. National Socialism was designed primarily to appeal to Germans and had therefore a distinct local coloration. But Communism exercises a world-wide fascination. It speaks the language of economics, in a way that mobilizes—even more than Nazism—the envy of the many. In the name of some lofty "social justice" it wants to expropriate from the rich for the benefit not of the poor, but of a thoroughly oppressive state capitalism. In the USSR and, to a lesser degree, in the "People's Democracies," millions of lives have been sacrificed in the name of social justice—starting with the Kulaks, through the victims of the Cultural Revolution, up to the Cambodians murdered by Pol Pot. If the Communist rulers were really obsessed with the ideal of equality, they might have tried to devise a program to bring the living conditions of the poor up to a higher level. Instead they have methodically brought down anyone who had just a little more.

The Western world is thoroughly confused in every respect, last but not least in the domain of economics. Most people are convinced that the amount of wealth in any country is of a fixed, predetermined size. Whoever has more than the average has "taken it away" from the poor. The same goes for countries. Any country possessing more than the average, especially if it has more or less Western standards of living, has "taken it away" from the underdeveloped nations. Thus, whatever the horrors taking place within its boundaries, the Soviet Union figures in rhetoric as a defender of the poor and underprivileged.

Unfortunately for the Soviet people, even though the persecutions going on inside the Soviet Union are by now well known, too many in the West hold to their belief that these "regrettable incidents" are by no means essential or inevitable aspects of Communism: that eventually they will cease, just as lynchings have ceased in the American South, and as France, while still retaining the slogans and flag of the French Revolution, has long since removed the guillotine from the Place de la Concorde. But certain nations do not abide by the method of trial and error; they are not cynical and matter-of-fact like the Chinese or hostile to ideologies like the British. The Nazis were more fiendish in 1943 than in 1933; the Soviets were worse under Stalin than under Lenin. There are diseases which time will cure, but others become worse.

False Prophets

The very great Europeans—men like Pascal, Descartes, Shakespeare, de Maistre, Goethe, Kierkegaard, Marcel, Solovyov—would never have fallen for the moderately Left optimism which characterizes our rank-and-file intellectuals in present-day Europe. But these, according to the German sociologist Helmut Schelsky, are forming the new priestly caste and, needless to say, they have infected both the politicians and the people with their ideas. They are, in the words of Jacob Burckhardt, *terribles simplificateurs*. They suffer from a lack of knowledge, experience, and wisdom, but no lack of influence. They have created an atmosphere of confusion, weariness, false hopes, miscalculations, indecision, procrastination, wrong expectations, and intellectual cowardice.

The men in the Kremlin may be old and narrow-minded, but they have one very great strength: they know exactly what they want, and they also know precisely how to exploit the weaknesses of the leaderless Free World. □

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Live and Learn

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

LIKE JONAH in his whale, undergraduates with some hankering after the works of mind and conscience still survive within the warm darkness of the mass campus of 1980. Cannot some adequate provision be made for the pressing needs of those young men and women who prefer academic community to academic collectivism, and who sense that academic order is better than the pseudo-intellectual cafeteria of the triumphant counterculture?

In my recent book *Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Learning*, I touch on the affliction of the teen-age ghetto—that is, the raucous and dreary existence of the typical college dormitory, where it has become almost impossible to study, and where the undergraduate who aspires to improve his intellect is a member of a forlorn and oppressed minority. Surely, the resources of our swollen campuses considered, it ought to be possible to restore something on the model of the traditional residential college, joining senior scholars (professors) with junior scholars (undergraduates), and marked by a respect for learning.

How many undergraduates want such genuine learning and communion? Before the physical and intellectual disorders of the Sixties and Seventies, Christopher Jencks estimated that on the typical campus only 1 per cent of the students sought to obtain a serious intellectual discipline; 2 per cent, a tolerable general education; perhaps 5 per cent, an introduction to middlebrow culture and middle-class conviviality; 20 per cent, technical training; another 20 per cent, mere certification as potential employees; and as for the majority of undergraduates—why, Lord only knows why they bothered to enroll. Well, suppose that potentially about 8 per cent of the representative student body actually are willing to learn something or other in the way of liberal and scientific disciplines. Is it too much to ask that this element of the rising generation, the sort of people for whom colleges and universities originally were founded, might be offered a real opportunity to prepare themselves for their future duties as intelligent, honest leaders in American life?

Here and there, efforts at this sort of restoration may be discerned. The latest heartening endeavor to come to my attention is at Indiana University, where your servant has been offering some historiographic lectures.

I refer to the Living-Learning Center (LLC), in the splendid stone complex of what used to be the Men's Residence Center (MRC), Indiana University, Bloomington. The Gothic buildings themselves are forty years old; it cost some $440,000 to erect them in those dear dead days beyond recall, and nowadays they couldn't be reproduced for love or money.

Herman Wells, then president (and now chancellor) of Indiana University, hoped at the time that MRC might develop eventually into a full-fledged residential college, rather than dormitories merely. This has come to pass, in part, though not precisely in the fashion anticipated.

FOR, IN 1972, the Living-Learning Center, to provide for some 450 men and women undergraduates, was installed in MRC. Its purpose is to bring together those students for whom a college education is something more than job certification. The great majority of these students live and dine in the complex. LLC's program is thus summarized in a leaflet:

"The core of the Living-Learning Center is its program of experimental seminars and colloquia on a broad variety of topics, which are adopted in accordance with student interests and which actively involve students in all phases of course development and scheduling. The LLC offers three types of courses: freshman seminars, which introduce students to a specific field or discipline on a topical, problem-solving basis; sophomore colloquia of an interdisciplinary nature; and junior symposia exploring the broader social, political, and ethical contexts of research. Classes are small and flexible in format to accommodate field study, to enable faculty to try out new course ideas, and to facilitate student input in shaping the direction of the course. Some courses are developed and taught wholly by students, under the supervision of a faculty member. . . . All courses carry regular university credit, and most of them can be applied to various school and division requirements. Center members are expected to enroll in at least one experimental course during each year of residence."

This is not all. There are dramatic productions within LLC, concerts, and frequent good conversations in the Coffee House with visiting professors and lecturers. Dr. Ernest Bernhardt-Kabisch, the Center's director; Miss Sybil Carrere, the coordinator; and the other members of the staff are vigorous and imaginative young people who know what needs to be done for the recovery of collegiate community and intellectuality.

Such an undertaking has its difficulties, of course—among them the tendency of American democratism to relax requirements and thus to lose sight of ends. Originally LLC was an honors program, its students selected on the basis of academic scores and records; this was altered to select the young men and women on the basis of their interest in the experiment. Then selection was transferred from the director to a student committee. A selection process, though vague, survives; but one result has been the admitting of many students who take little active part in the Center's cooperative work, lodging in the complex mostly because of its central location and other amenities.

This ominous drift notwithstanding, those students who want something more from their college years than a cafeteria-style curriculum plus fun and games—that is, the real students from whom high school did not purge all intellectual curiosity—can find in LLC good conversation, membership in a community, and opportunity to educate themselves through a creative program.

Any nation requires such a remnant of genuinely educated people. If Indiana's Living-Learning Center is emulated, something will have been done to leaven our national lump. □

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Whimsical Bakshianizing

The Candidates—1980
By Aram Bakshian Jr.
Arlington House, 278 pp., $12.95

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

Aram Bakshian's purpose here is to handicap the chances of the current herd of presidential aspirants both in the primaries and in the general election. To do this he has devised a system which he calls Bakshian's Seven Deadly Whims, consisting of seven categories in which each candidate is evaluated and scored. The categories: 1) Leadership, both perceived and recorded; 2) Communication, scripted and spontaneous; 3) Organization; 4) War Chest; 5) Age/Health; 6) Marriage/Family; 7) Wild Card. Each of the Whims should be self-explanatory, except perhaps the Wild Card. This includes various positive or negative strokes of fate, flaws of character, sudden revelations of corruption—anything, in other words, which could come tumbling from the closet or up from the psyche or out of the blue to cause a sudden rise or fall in a candidate's fortunes.

In print, as in person, Bakshian is erudite, witty, and satirical. Occasionally, like Dr. Johnson—whom he sometimes resembles in more ways than one at the end of a long, contentious evening—he lays about him with his club to crush butterflies and brain gnats. He is thorough.

For the most part, however, his wit is informed by geniality, his satire by a somewhat Edwardian detachment which allows him to comment on the manners, morals, and foibles of individual candidates without going for the jugular. True, he has his likes and dislikes, and when he hears words like "Carter" he tends to reach for his club. Also, as a special assistant to the last two Republican Presidents and a professional whose skills have been much in demand in the highest Republican circles for more than a decade, his political preferences are obvious.

He makes no bones about this, however, and his facts and figures are meticulously researched. Furthermore, the central concern that holds this book together and makes it so highly readable transcends ideology or party persuasion. That concern is character.

Bakshian puts it this way: "[I] believe in what the British call 'bottom'—a kind of basic moral solidity, a sound core of moral or ethical standards that can transform a standoffish intellectual like Thomas Jefferson into a great leader, or a man of sound but modest attainments like Gerald Ford into a trusted, respected caretaker President." T. H. White would applaud.

Because character is central, Bakshian's analyses of the candidates must necessarily be subjective in part. But the careers and public utterances of presidential candidates are a matter of record; and a careful study of that record invariably reveals a great deal about character. Furthermore, character analysis is impossible without subjective judgments of objective data, and subjectivity in the pursuit of character is no vice.

Bakshian pursues character through each of his Whims. Howard Baker's campaign, for instance, had major organizational problems (and early on in any race, organization is all-important). In fact, on the Whims chart, Baker scores lowest in Organization. As Bakshian demonstrates, however, this problem grows in large part out of a character formed as a member of the Eastern Tennessee squirearchy and as a leader in the Senate. Paradoxically, Bakshian points out, the aspects of character which make him so effective in the Senate also make him a relatively ineffective presidential candidate, even though he scores high in the Leadership Whim.

THIS INTERACTION among Whims is generally successful. At times, however, as in the analysis of Carter, it gets Bakshian into trouble. When he wrote this section, in November of last year, Carter was still running behind Kennedy in the polls. To his credit, Bakshian did not succumb to the national journalistic hype which lured Kennedy into candidacy, thus allowing his erstwhile journalistic cheerleaders to bushwhack him as soon as he stepped into the open. Anything for a story.

Nevertheless, because of what he viewed as leadership problems brought on by character, Bakshian did rate Carter a much weaker candidate than he has proved to be. Carter's flaw, says Bakshian, is manifested in a character shaped by a passive view of the world. Because he believes that "men do not shape or even significantly modify events," his idea of leadership is "sitting around and waiting for destiny to drop good or bad developments into one's

Jack Chatfield, *an historian who teaches at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, is a veteran contributor to* NR. . . . **John R. Coyne Jr.**, *executive communications consultant for the Standard Oil Company (Indiana), is a former White House speechwriter and the author of, among other works,* Fall In and Cheer, *a chronicle of his White House years, published by Doubleday.*

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lap, occupying oneself with humdrum routine and trying to smile through it all, since everything important is in the hands of the celestial higher management." (Bakshian calls this Tolstoyan. I'd call it Fundamentalist Christian.)

Thus, Carter gets low marks in the Leadership Whim. Also, because he is a clean and moral man, and because he appears to be "a leader incapable of manipulating events," his Wild Card rating is negligible. But the problem is that destiny did drop something into his lap— namely, the hostages and Afghanistan. And with destiny dealing the unexpected Wild Card, Carter has played it to the hilt by doing what Bakshian says he does best under the Leadership Whim nothing.

Therefore, to the extent that Bakshian was wrong about Carter, it is because he was right about him. *N'est-ce pas?*

To give the devil his due, however, he is consistently more right than wrong. When this book was being written, many of us couldn't tell George Bush from the Mulberry Bush. Yet Bakshian picked him as Ronald Reagan's strongest competitor well before Iowa and the subsequent media hype, which will no doubt end in yet another Bushwhacking.

Incidentally, as a sample of typical Bakshianizing, you might try the following, his reverse-Horatio-Alger introduction of Bush: "George Bush is living proof that with luck, pluck, and elbow grease, a well-bred New England WASP can survive the fine-grinding mill of education at Greenwich Country Day School, Phillips Andover, and Yale, live down the excruciatingly fey nickname of 'Poppy,' and slowly but surely ascend the tawdry ladder of American politics."

All in all, especially considering that he wrote it in sixty days, mostly in his pyjamas, Bakshian has turned out a splendid product which should be especially helpful to those who are puzzled by the primary process or who still think George Bush is Bill Brock.

He has also done Washington political writing a service. As the presidential selection process has become increasingly stylized and ritualistic, so has writing about it; and this has led to something which seems very much like solemn worship of the process itself, as practiced by our media men and pundits. At times Bakshian may sound a bit harsh or wrong-headed. But it is refreshing for a change—especially in a presidential year—to listen to highly informed but individual judgments filtered through a highly intelligent and highly critical individual consciousness, wherein reverence for politics does not dwell. □

Capitalism: Sources of Hostility
Edited by Ernest van den Haag
Epoch Books/Arlington House, 206 pp., $9.95

THOSE WHO CAN'T

JOSEPH SOBRAN

Ernest van den Haag knows when argument is futile. In this he differs from most arguers of comparable brilliance (and he will forgive me for talking as if there were any). He once debated Ramsey Clark on the death penalty and performed an invaluable act of locating and spearing the ideological impulse: after Clark had gone on about how capital punishment doesn't deter crime and therefore doesn't save lives, van den Haag put it to him simply: What if it did? Would you then support it? Answer: Negative. Even so, the lesson was lost on its intended beneficiary: the patient proved incurable. Clark still lurches from forum to forum opposing the death penalty. If he can't be deterred (though has anyone really tried?), he certainly can't be rehabilitated either. He is a walking self-refutation.

In *Capitalism: Sources of Hostility* van den Haag confronts the mystery of why the most vital economic principle is so widely and bitterly hated, denied even the empirical credit it deserves. He and his fellow contributors to this little volume offer a range of answers, most of which may be summed up in one word: envy.

It isn't easy to say where moral passion (or moral confusion) leaves off and envy begins. Obviously some people deserve to succeed. Just as obviously success tells us little about desert. The market doesn't satisfy the deepest moral yearnings but it does chafe envy. Van den Haag writes wittily and trenchantly on this theme, particularly as it has to do with intellectuals—who tend to want to remake the market on an academic model, *à la* Harvard, where promotion matches desert and envy is a stranger.

Envy is now widely confused with covetousness. But to covet another's good is to want to possess it yourself; to envy it is to seek the darker satisfaction of destroying his happiness in it. Iago is the envious man, and recent criticism has found him an enigma because it has tried to understand him in Benthamite terms.

The generations who lived before the Enlightenment had no trouble understanding or recognizing envy. It was one of the seven deadly sins, and old authors like Plutarch and Shakespeare write easily of it as a basic human motive. (In Plutarch, Brutus kills Caesar out of envy; in Shakespeare, he is the only conspirator *not* driven by envy. Shakespeare's alteration simply points up his shared sense of the vice's distinctness.)

Capitalism excites envy because it makes people responsible for their own economic fate—less at the mercy of chance, bad weather, and the like. In principle, modern enlightened people should like this, because it rescues us from subjection to fate. But in fact it doesn't happen that way. For many people the naked responsibility is unbearable, and they hate those who do better than themselves. Several of the contributors to this volume—van den Haag, Roger Starr, Lewis Feuer—suggest that intellectuals tend to be men who have chosen academic pursuits partially out of fear of economic competition. The collectivist and communitarian ideologies they embrace are often rationalizations of personal insecurities. To paraphrase Shaw: Those who can, produce; those who can't, call for the socialization of the means of production. (Not much of an epigram, but I'd memorize it if I were you.)

This seems to me to explain a lot about the temper of, say, many of the folk who write for *The New York Review of Books*. It goes without saying that capitalism is dehumanizing; all discourse is organized around that taboo.

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RANDOM NOTES

■ SOME APRIL TITLES: *Orwell: The Transformation* (Knopf, $12.95), by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams, is the second volume (there will probably be a third) of a biography of George Orwell, describing his passage from the art novel to the polemical novel. . . . Richard Sennett, who intends to do four volumes on the emotional forces which permit society to cohere, has completed the first of them: *Authority* (Knopf, $10). . . . Peter F. Drucker's new book is *Managing in Turbulent Times* (Harper & Row, $9.95), in which the author provides business executives with suggestions for mapping their course through an unpredictable future. Drucker especially advises that one think macro, not micro, and pay close attention to changes in such things as population factors. . . . They laughed when he stood up to speak, with his lisp and his stutter, but Winston Churchill overcame these impediments, even if he did not entirely banish them ("we shall fight in the fieldsh and streetsh, we shall fight in the hillsh"). James C. Humes's *Churchill: Speaker of the Century* (Stein & Day, $12.95) presents Winnie's career from the oratorical perspective.

Doris Lessing's most recent novel, *The Marriages between Zones Three, Four, and Five: As Narrated by the Chroniclers of Zone Three* (Knopf, $10), is about as interesting as its title. . . . Louis Auchincloss's latest, *The House of the Prophet* (Houghton Mifflin, $10.95), certainly carries no surprises. . . . *Saltbound* (Methuen, $10.95), by Chilton Williamson Jr., is at once a narrative of a winter spent on Block Island, R.I. (14 miles at sea, population 450), and a study of the supersession of one America by another. Drawings by Gretchen Dow Simpson.

■ ONE FOR MAY: Robert Coles, whose critical biography of Walker Percy was published by Knopf last year after it ran in *The New Yorker*, somehow got interested in Flannery O'Connor (who just happens to be one of the finest American writers in this, or any, century). His new book is *Flannery O'Connor's South* (Louisiana State University Press, $14.95), in which he tries to put Miss O'Connor's art into the context of her life, and the life of the South as she knew it. —CW

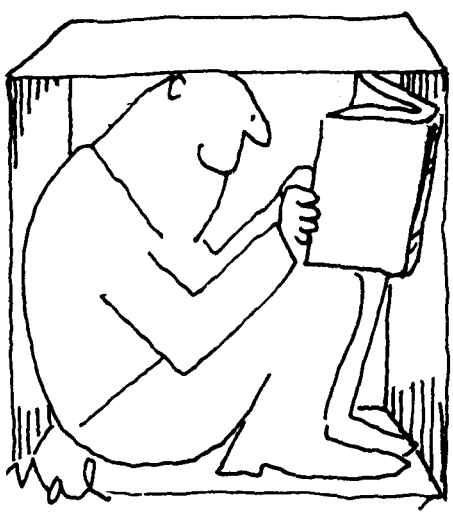
Accept that, and you can ignore the bloody-fanged malice and the egoism, raw or feline, of all those types who screech about Community and the Humane Society. (Let's give her her due: Ayn Rand had their number long ago.)

Several contributors point to the strange rebellion of so many children of capitalism. It's an old paradox by now: the more pampered, the more self-pityingly rebellious. Van den Haag reminds us that children used to be "investment goods." One reason for having kids was so that they could help with the family farm or trade. Today children are more like—get this—"pets." They are a luxury; and this is not an altogether happy status for one's moral and mental health. Craving moral reassurance, they like the kind of moral authority a socialist system pretends to give, telling them they earn what they get. The impersonality of market rewards, however great, cannot mother them this way.

And why does the Third World, which ostensibly craves basic economic development, hate capitalism so? Peter Bauer thinks it's because of a peculiar warp in the whole system of communications between the West and the rest. Rulers of "emerging" nations like planning, of course, because it helps consolidate their power. But even beyond that, according to Bauer, *only* the advocates of collectivism have managed to get through to the Third World—in most of which a free economy is hardly thought of as conceivable, let alone moral or practicable.

"What the Third World learns from the West, or about it or about present and past economic relations between the West and Third World countries, comes from or is filtered through opponents of the market. They dominate international reporting, the wire services, documentary films, and entertainment." Bauer recalls lecturing widely in India around 1970, and finding that his rather orthodox economics were hardly intelligible to his university audiences, to whom it was self-evident that central planning was best, the sole question being whether the Soviet or the Chinese model was more appropriate. They took for granted not only that planning was necessary for development, but also the idea that socialist policies "promote or even imply social and economic equality." Most startlingly, perhaps, Bauer notes that although British colonialism was rather lax throughout most of its history, in its last years it imposed increasingly socialist structures on its colonies. "As a result, the ready-made framework of a *dirigiste* or even totalitarian state was handed by the British to the incompetent independent governments."

I've meant to convey that these are stimulating essays. Also worthwhile are those of the other contributors, Nathan Glazer, Dale Vree, and Stanley Rothman. Not so good is the binding, which split in the copy I was reading, though I understand other copies have held up well. □



SWELL LETTERS

Who's on First
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Doubleday, 275 pp., $9.95

EXUBERANT HARMONY

JACK CHATFIELD

Though born and raised within the continental limits of the United States, I had managed to achieve early middle age without having read a spy novel. Perhaps it was the thin crust of my Protestant upbringing that imprisoned me, during the days of *Sputnik* and my adolescence, and prevented me from partaking unashamedly in one of life's greatest pleasures. It was not that any member of my New England family attacked spy novels, as he might attack filth or Communism or Goddard Col-

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lege. But I never saw a spy novel. The gnomes of my culture hid them from view as a forbidden fruit, one of the pleasures of the flesh.

Now I know why. Blackford Oakes, the young, dashing, "disgustingly handsome" hero of Mr. Buckley's third novel of foreign and domestic intrigue, may seem at first glance to be as wholesomely and provincially American as Huck Finn or the Goodyear blimp. Born in Akron during the Coolidge years, Blacky is a principled and bitter foe of tyranny, a practitioner of the succinct violence of the martial arts, and savvy enough to explain the workings of a cantilever truss to a skeptical friend. As this book draws near its cunning climax, Blacky decides to sacrifice his career rather than doom a brave Russian scientist. He is in love with a young devotee of Jane Austen whose very name (like his own) evokes the unspoiled and autumnal simplicity of the American Garden. Sally Partridge turns Blacky away from her Washington apartment because she has "a dozen papers to grade by 9 A.M." She does not, of course "understand" exactly what he does, and security considerations, together with Blacky's affecting modesty, prevent her from finding out. But she would certainly be gratified to know that, after a narrow escape from death on the outskirts of Paris, Blacky worked out at the Hotel Claridge gym.

Austere, dedicated, graceful, brilliant -- Blackford Oakes wins, of course, the affections of the reader as he does the admiration of handsome women and even the grudging respect of Boris Andreyevich Bolgin, the egregious KGB agent who plays the toad to Oakes's blooming prince. But what draws the reader is that Oakes moves beyond our modest orbits, beyond the Ohio Valleys of this earth. Like so many heroes of American fiction like Huck himself, like Ishmael, like Sister Carrie, like Gatsby, like Rabbit Angstrom—Blacky is "doomed to motion" (the phrase is Faulkner's), and is propelled by restless ambition and the bright flame of his vigor and intelligence into life as a deep-cover agent of the CIA.

He lives in hotels, and his name is known only to his professional intimates. He is again, in Faulkner's words--"masculine, transient," a creature of the dreams of men. A century ago he might have lit out for the ter-

ritories before the rest, but in an age of Orwell and J. Robert Oppenheimer, of Genghis Khan with plutonium, Blacky's movement is relentlessly eastward: to Scarsdale, to New Haven, to 50 Portland Place, London W1, to Paris, to Budapest, to Borneo. Doomed to motion, he has left the provinces behind, left the *Shalt nots* of family and environment. His mother is a shadow, his father is seldom on the scene. What draws us to Blackford Oakes is not simply that he has learned the meaning of Evil, but that he has transcended the cultural definition of Good.

> He set out, the demon now in complete control. He found already that his throat was becoming dry, and he forced himself to look appreciatively at the lights of Paris, which concatenated- was this the special genius of this romantic city?- to shape themselves for him in erotic designs. When he rang the doorbell, he was very nearly hoarse with desire.

Hoarse with desire. It is characteristic of this clever and well-crafted novel that the most evocative passages are physical descriptions, like the hanging of Theo Molnar ("Blackford had seen him play soccer, and the hideous parallel in the physical body motions, at play and in death, convulsed him"), or the Baltic sailing scene:

> So Sam devoted himself to wresting from the *Hjordis* everything she had. He would wait until the last moment to reef the mainsail, or contract the headsail. He took pains to steer Blackford to Sam's most private reserves, the two or three hidden inlets to which he never escorted those of his charterers who were . . . unfeeling. The deepwater run to Gotland had been one of those magical passages, superb, spellbinding, with wind, speed, sound, color, waves, interacting in exuberant harmony, the landfall at Kappelshamm coinciding with the setting of the sun, a seventy-mile passage begun before daybreak, in a following sea, with the storm spinnaker set all the way.

Blackford Oakes has discovered and now bears within his conspicuously graceful and conspicuously handsome frame the Gift of Life, the sense of the "exuberant harmony" of the physical and spiritual world.

I now understand enough about reviewing spy novels not to reveal the plot of this elegant and witty book set on the eve of the *Sputnik* launch. But it is safe to say that *Who's on First* skillfully combines a drama of high politics with one of high technology. We learn something about ozone fuels and transistors. We visit the Gulag and the chambers of the Washington elite. We meet a semi-alcoholic Navy captain who reads *Forever Amber*, and a boisterous and obscene rocket scientist straight from the Texas earth. We are privy to hilarious moments at Eisenhower Cabinet sessions, and contemplative moments with Dean Acheson and Allen Dulles. The Acheson-Dulles talks are rich and artful, and at the center of Mr. Buckley's imaginative and philosophical strategies. At the end, *Sputnik* is aloft, as we knew it would be, knew it *had* to be. Doomed to motion. Joined now to the exuberant harmony of the spheres. □

Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich
Edited by Solomon Volkov
Harper & Row, 289 pp., $15

MUDDLE VS. THE WEEK

D. KEITH MANO

On January 28, 1936, we went to the railroad station to buy a new Pravda. *I opened it up and leafed through it—and found the article "Muddle instead of Music." I'll never forget that day, it's probably the most memorable day in my life . . .*

It was printed without a signature, like an editorial. . . . But it actually expressed the opinion of Stalin. . . .

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Meetings were organized to drum the "muddle" into everyone's head. Everyone turned away from me. There was a phrase in the article saying that all this "could end very badly." They were all waiting for the bad end to come.

And, through more than thirty years, Dmitri Shostakovich waited with them. His glib accompanist was death. Men whom Shostakovich had known well—Tukhachevsky and Meyerhold, to memorialize just one pair—were shot or, worse, disappeared like the icecube in yesterday's bourbon. Shostakovich became paranoid, unpleasant; almost suicidal. He packed, it was the grim fashion then, a small overnight bag: for that longest overnight, Gulag. Yet Stalin, the great arranger, never did get around to orchestrating Shostakovich's coda: he lived. And, from 1970 through 1973, Shostakovich spoke his *Testimony* to young Solomon Volkov: for posthumous publication, of course. *Testimony* is high-octane stuff, and Dostoyevskian: the memoirs of a man, you might say, who would turn the bathroom tap on even when thinking to himself.

And yet, in a Vassar girl's flush of no-risk heroism, "The Week" [*NR*, Nov. 9] berated Shostakovich for—well—surviving. I will quote. "It is a tremendous book . . . Shostakovich was frightened out of his socks by Stalin's personal disapproval . . . For the rest of his life, until he knew he was dying, he ground out Party-line junk. A little courage might have helped. Shostakovich traveled abroad . . . he could have dumped the commissars and the philistines, lived in New York, say, or Paris." He was "a traitor to his art."

COME now, my anonymous colleague, isn't that rather insouciant of you: and just a bit toplofty? The first allegation I will not dispute: *Testimony* is a tremendous book. No one can understand Soviet dissidence unless he empathizes with both Solzhenitsyn and Shostakovich. Each man loathed Stalinism; and strove to embarrass it. But Solzhenitsyn is a kind of moral paradigm: intrepid, sublime: he has spoiled us. Shostakovich was closer to the assembly-line product: a cunning pragmatist. There are several traits that make Shostakovich distasteful to the fastidious conservative. He was an atheist and a resolute cynic. Death obsessed him. He could be bitchy. The style of his memoirs is ungrace-noted with peasant churlishness (and, concomitantly, with feral and effective humor). Yet Shostakovich, you sense, has perfect pitch: this is the way things were; the way people made do. By a large multiplier there were more Russians like Shostakovich (for better or worse: I don't have ethical temerity enough to judge) than there were Russians like Solzhenitsyn.

The second charge, that Shostakovich "ground out Party-line junk" and not much else from 1936 until 1970 or so, is irresponsible bosh. An evaluation of music may be subjective: still, only someone with massive otalgia could term Shostakovich's violin concerto or his entire symphonic *œuvre* "junk." Yes, Shostakovich wrote film music for Stalin on command: would it have been more useful to end up playing a frozen woodblock in Vorkuta? Otherwise—re the epithet "Party-line"—I can't think of a single major work "ground out" to Leninist specifications. Does the unsigned editorial (in *NR*, not *Pravda*) mean his 1948 vocal cycle *From Jewish Folk Poetry*? Since when has Russian Communism celebrated Jewish culture? Shostakovich was a most circumspect dissident: even so, as late as 1962, his Thirteenth ("Babi Yar") Symphony (in honor, again, of Russian Jews: Shostakovich had no truck with antisemitism) would be denounced and banned. This in the post-Stalinist thaw: few men have been "an enemy of the people" for so long.

Martyrdom can be serviceable; but of martyrdoms the Soviet kind is least rewarding. Shostakovich was terrified by Gulag: he admits that readily enough: even a pathological masochist would have been. The *NR* phrase "frightened out of his socks" is terribly flip. In a similar circumstance I don't doubt that my footwear and my feet would have broken up their intimate relationship. Besides, Shostakovich, who was quite frail, didn't see any persuasive reason to volunteer for Novaya Zemlya: I agree with that assessment. In America protest might buy media time; in Leningrad it just reduced the housing shortage a bit. Shostakovich was of more use as Stalin's *yurodivy*—a Russian idiom that can mean court jester, special critic, licensed mocker. Shostakovich knew the limits of his franchise, though. In 1949, for instance, Stalin "requested" that Shostakovich attend an American cultural gathering. Shostakovich said no—no, my God, to Stalin—unless the music of Prokofiev, Shebalin, Miaskovsky, Khachaturian, Popov (and Shostakovich) was made available for performance again. He could bargain with Stalin if—if—Stalin had need at the time. But general protests were a sign of brain lesion; and, worse, they were senseless.

NOW FOR that other piece of cheap advice: defection. Let "The Week" remind itself that Solzhenitsyn did not defect, he was punted out. Both Solzhenitsyn and Shostakovich were quintessentially Russian artists; they didn't want to be cordoned off from their source material. I think it would have been a more wanton "betrayal" had Shostakovich taken French leave of Russia—when less prominent people (including his wife and children) were denied access to Montmartre or Greenwich Village. But even that argument is not decisive: more pertinent by a *verst* or two is Shostakovich's absolute contempt for the West. You might forgive him: the sort of Westerner he ran across—Paul Robeson, G. B. Shaw, Romain Rolland—tended to follow behind Stalin with a roll of Charmin. For them there were no Ivan Denisoviches: they saw the future and it worked, too bad if the present stank. Shostakovich's opinion of American "naïveté" (and every *NR* reader has given a similar pessimistic assessment at one time or another) is summed up below.

> Stalin liked leading Americans by the nose. He would show them a man—here he is, alive and well—and then kill him. Well, why say lead by the nose? That's too strongly put. He only fooled those who wanted to be fooled. The Americans don't give a damn about us, and in order to live and sleep soundly, they'll believe anything.

Right on. A nice place to visit, America, but you wouldn't want to defect there. Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Viet-

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nam, Afghanistan: as "The Week" puts it, a little courage might have helped.

I don't mean to misprize lightly here: there is no more exasperating moral dilemma. In early Christian times, after savage Roman persecution, those who had undergone torment and those who had collaborated so that the Word might persist often went at each other with a viciousness that might have given the Romans pause. Solzhenitsyn and Shostakovich: neither is ideal; both, in their ways, serve. *NR* has never tabbed Sakharov, who made the H-bomb for Stalin, "a traitor to his science." And why not? Where is the consistency? Could film music be more strategic to the Communist masterplan than a nuclear warhead? Such selective indignation reads like epicene bombast: snipped from the same swatch as, say, a State Department reaction to Cuban involvement in Angola. Shostakovich would not have expected anything more insightful or practical from us: from us, left wing or right wing or center fuselage. That's why he stayed in Russia. □

FILM

LOVE AND MONEY

JOHN SIMON

Two current movies represent attempts by the American cinema to come to grips with the ticklish subject of love implicitly or explicitly for sale. In both movies the protagonists are ultimately reclaimed for respectability. The strategies differ, but in both cases fundamental truths are carefully sidestepped, however great the attitudinizing in the direction of honesty.

Just Tell Me What You Want is Sidney Lumet's film from Jay Presson Allen's screenplay based on Mrs. Allen's own novel. It concerns Max Herschel, a Jewish multimillionaire conglomerate king (played, appropriately, by Alan King), among whose expensive hobbies is putting sexy young things through college at his expense and on their backs. Bones Burton (Ali MacGraw), a particularly talented graduate of the Herschel School of Higher and Horizontal Education, has been provided with her own television talk show, as well as a nifty pad and a variety of costly trinkets with which to deck out it and herself. This, of course, does not prevent Herschel from trying to acquire other young scholars for his roster, but Bones, the star alumna, takes unkindly to his latest endeavor.

There are several subplots (an institutionalized wife whom Max still cares about and looks after; a homosexual movie executive and his immigrant father who are sometimes rivals, sometimes allies of Max's, depending on which way the winds of intrigue are blowing), but the film chiefly chronicles how tough, wisecracking Bones falls, to her own amazement, in love with a young off-Broadway playwright, Steve (Peter Weller), and ends their first weekend together by marrying him. This leaves Max feeling like a president of Harvard whose most brilliant scholar-athlete has defected to Yale. The foiled philanthropist proceeds to throw every obstacle in the path of young love, and even strips Bones almost to the bone; but she still has her jewels and Steve his New England farm, so penury is staved off.

Herschel now rises to Machiavellian heights. He arranges for Hollywood to co-opt Steve's fresh talent and idealism, and for Bones to realize that when you scratch a Lochinvar, you get a Lost Leader. Finally, a slightly stricken Max stages a near-fatal heart attack that brings a repentant Bones rushing to his bedside. In the hospital, Bones and her mentor negotiate a marriage that is the ultimate business deal, and that makes the marriage-contract scene between Millamant and Mirabell in *The Way of the World* look like kid stuff. It becomes clear (if it wasn't before) that this hero and heroine are utterly mercenary and egomaniacal creatures for whom love is interest, and marriage a merger, and you are left wishing that Providence will leave them without a tax shelter.

What makes the film so unsavory is that Allen and Lumet would have it both ways. We are to laugh at Max and Bones for their crassness, but also laugh with them for their cleverness and charm. (Miss MacGraw actually manages to be somewhat charming; King is merely crass.) There have been picaresque heroes and heroines all along, but I cannot recall that their forming of a cartel was ever romanticized into holy monopoly. Now consider the scene in which Bones beats the bejesus out of Max all over Bergdorf Goodman's ground floor with her pocketbook and, in the process, smashes half the store. No one interferes, and the women shoppers applaud. Totally preposterous, but a nice sop to the feminists. When, in the end, Bones sells herself in marriage at an extortionate price to the newly widowed Max, I suppose it is the anti-feminist women who are meant to stand up and cheer. And no one in the film is allowed to be fully honest and unbuyable—a clear case of the characters' being made in the image of their creators.

We come now to the notorious Paul Schrader's latest: *American Gigolo*, a recasting of that hoariest of clichés, the whore with a heart of gold, into the male hustler with a heart of gold. We need not dwell on the simplistic pseudo-intricacies of the plot, which record the activities of Julian (Richard Gere), a highly paid but still rising Los Angeles gigolo, among whose valuable services are proficiency in several languages, access to the L.A. Country Club, intimacy with the maître d' of the Polo Lounge, a wardrobe designed by the celebrated Giorgio Armani, and unequaled gifts for soft talk and hard loving.

Julian is conned into a kinky S & M job of a sort he otherwise does not stoop to, and is promptly framed for the murder of a masochistic wife by her sadistic bisexual husband. The latter is in cahoots with a black pimp who has it in for Julian, and with Senator Stratton, whose beautiful but neglected wife, Michelle (Lauren Hutton), has fallen helplessly in love with our hero. Michelle's love, whose very existence, let alone magnitude, the film is unable to make credible, pursues Julian like a combination Hound of Heaven and Daddy Warbucks. When Julian is finally apprehended for the supposed S & M murder as well as the defenestration of the pimp, of which he is the accidental cause, Michelle fights everyone and everything for him: her jealous and powerful husband, the law, and Julian's own deep-seated resistance to any love that is not bought. At last—need I tell you?—love triumphs as Julian sobs into the little window through which, an imprisoned Pyramus, he must communicate with his Thisbe; sobs about why it

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took him so long to accept the gift of love. I wish I had his exact words, but I was too convulsed with laughter to get them down.

Schrader is that sinister figure Hollywood turns out intermittently: the hack with a dangerous bit of learning. Equipped with a smattering of literature, philosophy, art history, and theology, he clearly thinks that he has created in Julian (whose full name is Julian Kay, a probable allusion to Kafka's Joseph K.) an existential hero for our times out of Camus, Céline, and Dostoyevsky. Actually, he has written and directed something out of Kerouac with a touch of watered-down Colette. Julian emerges, first of all, as stupid. When, during body-building exercises, he is learning Swedish from phonograph records, he repeats not only the Swedish phrases but also the English ones! (He may, of course, need to build up his English, too.) When he first meets Michelle in the Polo Lounge, each pretends to be French and fools the other, despite a command of Racine's tongue that would hardly pass muster in Racine, Wisconsin.

NOW FOR a sample of Julian's sexual spiel: "I can make you relax, relax like you've never relaxed before. Make you aroused like you've never been aroused before. Excited. I know how to touch you. Where to touch you . . ." And so on. If this is high-class gigolo talk, what could the diction of medium-priced lovers be like? Grunts, I daresay. But the Armani *couture* is *haute* enough, and Schrader's camera lovingly pans across well-stocked closets and drawers filled to bursting. Julian's other worldly goods are likewise scrutinized (expensive car, various electronic gadgets, etc.), but the seamier side of his trade is cravenly elided. We never see him escorting a truly old or ugly woman, and we see him in bed only with Lauren Hutton, which would present no problems even for the rankest amateur.

As *American Gigolo* would have it, Julian's troubles stem only from that one kinky trick he was tricked into turning—the kind of trivial misstep a reputable writer might make by publishing once in the wrong magazine. The moral questions of Julian's existence are never even remotely confronted, and his defense of his calling (bringing joy to the needy) is written, staged, and photographed for maximum persuasiveness. Toward Michelle, he comports himself like a perfect, albeit loveless, gentleman, preferring to sacrifice his freedom and very life perhaps rather than involve her in any way, a veritable Sir Kay of Arthur's court. No wonder, then, that his redemption is brought about as gratuitously and unconvincingly as his previous gallantry was sentimentally contrived. If you take also Gere's superficial performance and Hutton's better but still insubstantial one, what have you got? A terrific commercial for Giorgio Armani. □

DELECTATIONS

DOWN-HOME FOOD

NIKA HAZELTON

Some time ago, the distinguished food editor of the *New York Times*, Craig Claiborne, waxed lyrical about the "gastronomic revolution" of the last twenty years in this country. He said, among other things, that Americans are now conversant with a galaxy of foreign dishes from *vitello tonnato* to *dacquoise*, and can readily buy the herbs and other makings for such foods of distinction, whereas only two decades ago fresh mushrooms and good sour cream were hard to find in stores outside metropolitan centers. He came to the conclusion that "what the nation is cooking is a genuine and heartening revelation." True indeed, I think. But I also believe that this is the sunny side of the picture, and that American food has become very much a matter of class and education.

Of course, the rich and educated in every country have always eaten differently from the rest of the population, if only in quantity and refinement of preparation. It takes a prosperous, status-conscious crowd with free time on its hands to go to the cooking schools that spring up like mushrooms season after season, to buy cookbooks by the dozen and spend fortunes on kitchens and cookware. It takes time to buy fine, fresh ingredients and cook from scratch, which explains the ever-increasing number of excellent caterers.

Working-class people, as you can see in their supermarkets, make heavy use of convenience and fast foods. What to do with convenience foods, how to combine them into something different and tasty with little effort, is the chief culinary concern of the majority of Americans; we only have to consider the stream of recipes sent out by commercial food companies for the use of their products in making convenience foods into so-called gourmet dishes. The little cookbooks produced by village and church associations show, I think, how widely accepted convenience foods have become. I imagine that the majority of women who cook rely on magazine, newspaper, and box-top recipes, and on the one or two cookbooks they received as wedding presents.

Unquestionably, the palates of Americans have been altered by the writing, teaching, and TV appearances of experts like Jim Beard and Julia Child. But I wonder if their admirers have really changed their cooking habits. Will people really thicken sauces with cream and eggs, or reduce liquids as every French cook will do, or seek out the variety of chili peppers or the tree mushrooms and soy noodles needed by Mexican or Oriental cookery? Will they take the time for slow braising of cuts like lung and heart, or even use tripe?

I DON'T think so, and I think that for the large majority of Americans foreign food remains special-occasion food. In everyday life, we revert to steak, potatoes or spaghetti (pasta is the one foreign food that has really been assimilated into the American diet), pies and cakes. Or meat loaf, as the case may be. American cooking is basically English, and the cuisines that have been accepted by American kitchens are those which resemble the cooking of England —German and Dutch, for instance. They cater to the great American sweet tooth and generally consist of plain meat and soft, overcooked vegetables, and plenty of starches in the form of breads and cakes. As for sweetness, there is sugar even in those foods that Europeans (with the exception of the English, whose food is also on the sweet side) prefer with none: baby foods, breads, salad dressings, cereals, canned and frozen foods.

In America, foods of foreign inspira-

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tion have never merged into the main stream of our national cooking; they are prepared mainly in their natural habitat. Tex-Mex cookery is an example; at least its main dish, chili con carne, is widely known, but in a mild version that has little in common with the original. Even Creole and Cajun cooking, a truly regional cuisine that has nothing in common with Anglo-Saxon cookery, has not become part of the all-American menu, though it has received nothing but complimentary attention. It is interesting to note that New Orleans is the only American city where restaurants have become world-famous for featuring their native cuisine, prepared by chefs rather than home cooks.

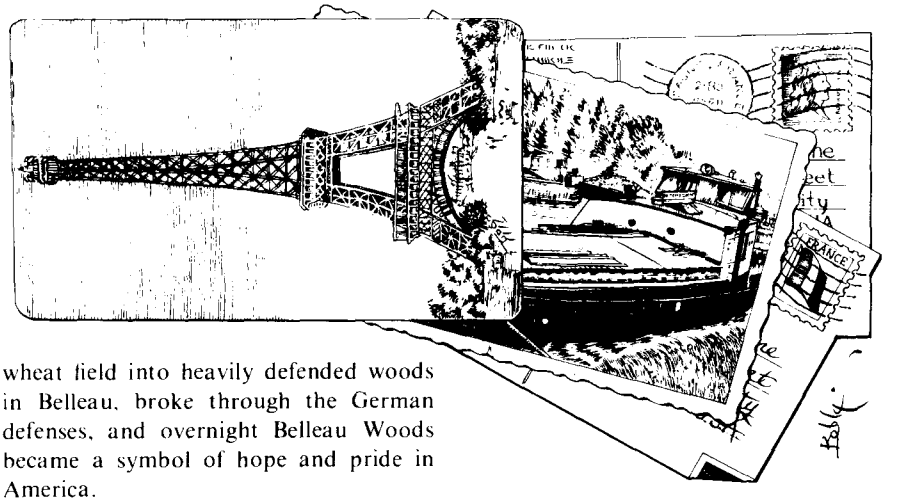
Owing to the shape of our social history, American cooking is home cooking: the best of our cooking does not require the skills or resources of professional kitchens. The dishes for which we are known and about the only native American dishes available in public eating places are steaks, hamburgers, and pies, which hardly require a chef trained for years in his craft. I think that today, good American cooking is more than ever home cooking. As the diet of at least some of the population improves in interest and diversity, restaurant standards go down and down. I wonder how many followers of Julia Child's books or of the books by Troisgros and Bocuse would send back an improperly prepared dish in a French restaurant. But then, as surveys have shown, ambiance and service come first in what we look for in restaurants, with food lagging behind. □

TRAVEL

THE MARNE SANS TAXIS

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Sixty years earlier the climactic battle of World War I was fought along this lazy, meandering river. It was near Château-Thierry in July of 1918 that the final major German offensive was blunted. U.S. Marines, charging across an open



wheat field into heavily defended woods in Belleau, broke through the German defenses, and overnight Belleau Woods became a symbol of hope and pride in America.

The woods are clear of underbrush today. But tangles of barbed wire remain, and shell holes, and the rusty hulks of field guns, spiked and blown apart by the retreating Germans. All is still and quiet at the military cemetery of Aisne-Marne; the white crosses and Stars of David marking the graves of the 2,200 Americans who died here are planted in semi-circular files around the memorial chapel. As our party from the hotel-barge *Wirramina* signs the guest book, James Neal, superintendent of the cemetery, asks if we have a Polaroid. A young bearded tourist has just found the name of his uncle engraved on the wall of the chapel: Private William Myers of a Pennsylvania regiment, dead these 61 years. He would like a photograph of it to take home.

Mr. Neal takes us on the tour. He leads us through the woods to the German cemetery and shows us where the Marines charged. He picks up a piece of dead wood, a peculiar green in color, and explains that there is so much brass from the ammunition cases and shells still in the ground that it discolors the wood. He shows us where a wild boar has rooted for acorns, and tells us much else of interest.

Château-Thierry is the first stop in a seven-day trip on a luxurious converted Dutch coal barge that will take us from Epernay in Champagne, through the Valley of the Marne, and into Paris. The *Wirramina*, with a captain and a crew of four, can accommodate 14 passengers in seven commodious staterooms with private bathrooms. But it is late in the season, and only the six members of our party are aboard. On the deck above the cabins there is an airy, comfortable lounge, a large dining area, a game table, a sundeck (for more clement weather), and, back of the kitchen and the crew cabins, a small bar.

The food is delectable, the wines from the region are well chosen. Kathleen, the cook, is American, young, attractive, a graduate of the Cordon Bleu, who will eventually return to the States and open her own restaurant. Meantime she cruises the waterways of France. Her meals are three-star in quality; never too heavy, never repetitious. Lunch might be a flaky quiche, cold meats, salad, and fruit; and dinner, *hors d'œuvre variés*, roast pheasant, purée of chestnut, and perhaps a light apple tart.

The pace of barge life is slow and pleasant. We cruise at four to six knots. It's too late in the season for pleasure boats, but we pass an occasional working barge (*péniche*), its wash flapping from a line on deck, the *pénichiste* and his wife busy about their duties. The barges ride deep in the water, loaded with wheat and corn from the fertile fields of the Marne Valley, headed for Holland. Some of the barges have small cars parked on deck; ten years ago it would have been a motor scooter, twenty years ago a bicycle.

Today, between Croute and St. Jean les Jumelles, has dawned clear and cool. A couple of us wrap up warmly and sit on deck. The Marne makes great loops and turns; the water is a cloudy green, running fast through the weirs. Regularly spaced plane trees in the distance mean a country road. An occasional church steeple high on a hillside heralds a village. Next we spot the orange tiles of the roofs. Long lines of vines march down to the river and up the opposite bank into the hills. The graceful

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aspens along the banks turn silver in the blustery autumn breeze. Ivy climbing the grey walls of the grey houses in the grey towns we pass has turned October red and crimson, and there are touches of yellow on the hillsides in the distance, but the colors are muted, Corot-like, not New England brazen.

One afternoon we call on two brothers, young vintners. Their family grew grapes on this land before Dom Pérignon discovered the secret of champagne. This year they have put up forty thousand bottles of champagne, but they hope to expand their production to a hundred thousand. Every day the wine must be turned to work the sludge down toward the cork. And they demonstrate the technique. They can each turn ten thousand bottles an hour. The younger brother introduces us to his bride, who shyly declines to speak English to us although, he tells us, she once spent six months in England. They break out a bottle of champagne, and it is superb. We buy a case to take aboard, at $6 a bottle.

AT MEAUX, we moor by the *Carmen*, another converted Dutch barge, but this one is painted silver, and lavishly ornamented in red squirls and curlicues. It has a white-balustraded terrace on deck and a profusion of flower boxes. Below, the one-time cargo area has been converted into a roomy wood-beamed saloon built around a square tile stove and fireplace. (The beams came from a chapel in Meaux that was being pulled down.) The retired couple who own the *Carmen* (she is Carmen) are Swiss. They tell me that the French government "stole" a farm and mill they owned—a case of Frankish eminent domain we suppose—so they intend to live out their lives cruising the canals and rivers of France—for free. He shows me a treasure trove, a set of copper pots and pans and skillets and molds that came from Queen Victoria's kitchen in Buckingham Palace, a farewell gift from the Queen to his grandfather, a cook in the Palace, upon his retirement.

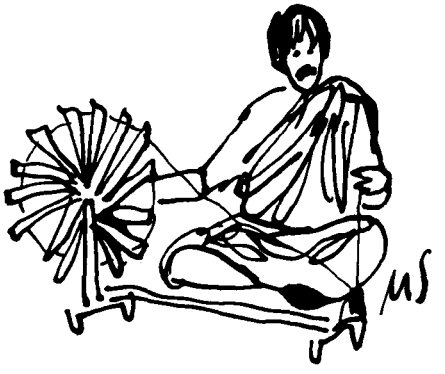
Next morning when we sail past the *Carmen*, Carmen and Monsieur—I never did get their names—are on deck, waving at us, wishing us good cheer, a bon voyage. It is nice to think of the *Carmen* cruising the warm waters of the Canal du Midi this winter, its living quarters stuffed with heavy painted Swiss furniture, Queen Victoria's copper in the hold.

You never heard of the Church of N. D.-des-Ardents at Lagny. Nor are you likely to unless you travel by barge. That's when you have all the time in the world to visit the byways you will never find by highway. It was here, according to Michelin, that Joan of Arc performed a miracle: she brought back to life a child dead three days. And from here, says a plaque on the wall, *"pour La Vaillante c'était Compiègne* [where the Burgundians captured her and sold her to the English] *et le bûcher* [the stake] *à Rouen."* The glass in the windows of the chapel is new and striking. From the exterior it looks black, perhaps because it is almost dusk when we visit it, but inside the colors are deep, rich, the skies a striking purple.

Today, Michelin tells us, "having effectuated numerous meanderings, the Marne [will] throw itself into the Seine at Charenton." Soon the river bends once more, a thousandth time, and we are in Paris: Notre Dame, the airy spire of la Sainte Chapelle, the Conciergerie, le Vert Galant riding his charger on the prow of l'Ile de la Cité, the Louvre on the right, l'Institut de France on the left, past the Place de la Concorde, to our mooring on the right bank near the Pont Alexandre III with its flamboyant golden horses. A final superb dinner, the last of our champagne, a toast and thanks to captain and crew; tomorrow we rejoin the world of appointments, watches, the grind. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IN DEFENSE OF THE CORPORATION, *by Robert Hessen (Hoover Institution Press, 115 pp., $7.95).* Attacking Hugo Black almost forty years ago, H. L. Mencken denounced as "completely cuckoo" the proposition that persons organized in corporations had no human rights. The real target, however, was Berle and Means's *Modern Corporation and Private Property* (1932), which claimed that, thanks to the fission of ownership and control, the modern corporation, a mere creature of the modern state, was running amok, overwhelming its creators and over-reaching stockholders, absorbing its competitors and defrauding consumers. Mencken, however, made not a dent in an entrenched orthodoxy of New Deal/Fair Deal ideology which persists to our own day through the fulminations of Mr. Ralph Nader. This persistence is remarkable, for Justice Black backed off from pure Berle-Means fairly early in his judicial career, and the grand panjandrum himself, Adolf Berle, produced a substantial, if little-noted, recantation in his *Three Faces of Power* (1967). Unhappily, neither man undertook a systematic intellectual turnabout; but no matter. The marketplace of ideas has at last produced the inevitable antithesis in Robert Hessen's slim and unpretentious *Defense*, which takes on Berle-Means root and branch, probing assumptions, exposing non-sequiturs, and producing a fresh and attractive voluntarist model of the corporation in place of the statist stereotype. GERALD T. DUNNE



A NOBLE TREASON, *by Richard Hanser (Putnam, 319 pp., $12.50).* In Munich in the summer of 1942 a group of five students and one professor, calling themselves *Die Weisse Rose*, began distributing pamphlets denouncing the Nazi regime and calling for its overthrow. They eluded the Gestapo until early 1943, when they were arrested and, after swift show trials, beheaded for treason. They had no political program or ideology and they never quite made contact with other resistance groups, which is perhaps why the story has received so little attention: Mr. Hanser's well-researched book is the first full account in English of the White Rose group. It is a moving story, and his narrative focuses on their extraordinary character and courage. They had conventional middle-class backgrounds, and several of them had belonged to the Hitler Youth. They were not rebellious by temperament nor even inclined toward politics, and they knew no more about the regime's genocidal policies than other Germans. They *were* exceptionally intelligent, and they were influenced by traditional Christian philosophy, which they invoked alongside Goethe in their pamphlets; but the essential difference between them and most Germans was their honesty and courage; they refused to delude themselves about either the Nazi regime or their chances of overthrowing it. At her trial Sophie Scholl was asked by the outraged judge how she could have done something so treacherous, and she replied calmly, "Somebody, after all, had to make a start."

LAWRENCE KLEPP

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

DEBATE ABOUT national health insurance and other public health-care issues is generally distinguished by righteous economic ignorance. The normal drill is to act as if skyrocketing hospital room rates and a rising percentage of GNP for health care have suddenly loomed up from nowhere, and to demand corrective action by the Federal Government, no further questions asked.

Fortunately, there are some people around who have bothered to inquire about the *causes* of rising health-care costs, and who can tell us why our medical economy has behaved so very strangely in the past few years. Two excellent studies on this subject have appeared in recent weeks. The first is *New Directions in Public Health Care*, a series of essays prepared by a group of medical economists and published by the Institute for Contemporary Studies (260 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111; $6.95). The second is *Health Care Cost Increases*, a monograph from the American Enterprise Institute (1150 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $2.95).

New Directions is an updated version of a volume originally brought out in 1976, by all odds the single best book on health care published in the past decade. Contributors include Harry Schwartz of Columbia, Arthur Seldon of Britain's Institute of Economic Affairs, Thomas C. Schelling of Harvard, Cotton Lindsay of UCLA, Keith Leffler of the University of Washington, Alain Enthoven of Stanford, Charles Phelps of the Rand Corporation, Leon Kass of Chicago, Representatives David Stockman and Philip Gramm, and Jack A. Meyer of AEI.

While this book bears the same title as the 1976 version, two-thirds of the essays cover terrain that was not traversed in the earlier volume. Topics considered include the organization of medical markets, hospital costs, the economic implications of NHI, the history of government medicine in the United States and elsewhere. Meyer—who doubles as author of the AEI analysis focusing on costs—also presents a rundown of major pending health-care legislation.

Between them, the ICS and AEI studies pinpoint the source of rapidly rising health-care costs: the radical tilting of our medical economy toward a system of third-party payment, in which someone other than the patient picks up the tab at the point of consumption. With more than 90 per cent of hospital bills and 60 per cent of physician charges handled on this basis, these services are perceived by the consumer as being virtually free, with a resultant upward spiral of demand.

How did we get our medical economy in such a fix? The answer is the Federal Government. By underwriting medical bills to the tune of $60 billion annually through Medicare and Medicaid, and by passing tax laws to encourage massive reliance on employee health insurance plans, the Feds have built the third-party system to its present vast dimensions. Thus the problem complained of as a reason for more government intrusion is a result of the intrusions we already have.

THE ICS AND AEI authors spell out the history and the consequences of this involvement: for instance, the somewhat astonishing fact that net out-of-pocket expenses to patients for a day in the hospital actually decreased (in constant dollars) between 1950 and 1974—and that the only medical service for which there has been a decline in overall costs has been prescription drugs (which are generally paid for out of pocket, not by third parties).

Efforts to correct the problem of rising costs by clamping on controls are analogous to trying to stop your car by hitting the brake with one foot while pressing the accelerator to the floor with the other. It won't work, and it will have disastrous effects on the machinery. What we need to do, on the evidence of these studies, is to get our foot off the accelerator. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PAUL [A.] GIGOT:

In a Book Review

By taxing too heavily, and improperly as well, the government has sapped personal incentive. ...Over-regulation builds monopolies and penalizes entrepreneurs. Special interests squabble over the resources of a shrinking pie, thus increasing social discord.

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BROOKHISER
(Continued from page 410)

generate music. The music of Bush's statement yearns for a good review from Walter Cronkite. Numbers of his statements—not most, maybe not even many—jar on conservative ears.

PEOPLE ASKING about the political process ask, 'Isn't it terrible you have to travel so much?' Well, it's not." Bush is addressing an airport rally in Palm Beach, jacket-less (shirtsleeves become him). There are demonstrators at this rally also, four anti-abortion, four anti-ERA, all adults, indistinguishable from the rest of the crowd, neat and polite. One lady, maneuvering her placard, steps in front of a TV camera, sees she's blocking the line of sight, cries "Whoops!" and steps politely aside. There is also an anti-Trilateralist. ARE YOU ROCKY'S CONTINGENCY PLAN FOR CARTER? The gift of speech has certain drawbacks: possums, at least, can't advertise the fact that they are brainless.

Questions. *Ford? (Sail, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, over the sea to Skye . . .)* "We're in this to the finish. I'm not going to roll over for anybody." *Undocumented aliens?* "We have got to have some kind of registration so we know where we're at," though the census has become too intrusive. Bush shakes hands, while a supporter walks over to talk to the right-to-lifers. They argue genially, as over a bungled bridge-club date.

Another press conference, another rally in St. Petersburg. *Windfall profits tax?* "Since the price of oil is set by a cartel," he would support such a tax, provided it were coupled with plow-back provisions. *Don't Ford's noises imply that you can't beat Carter?* "Ask him. Let's wait and see what the voters do. Come on in. The water's fine." And then, on to the hangar for his—twelve-hundredth crowd? four-hundredth day of campaigning? His 290,000th mile?

Bush ran hard in Florida, reckoning it as the Southern primary in which he would make his best showing. He was right. In South Carolina, he received 15 per cent; in Georgia, 12; in Alabama, 26. Three out of ten Florida Republicans voted for him. Twice as many voted for Reagan. The long trail of miles may end in the early three hundred thousands. □

ESCAPE FROM SCEPTICISM:
Liberal Education as if Truth Mattered

CHRISTOPHER DERRICK

"I found *Escape from Scepticism* a perceptive, witty and engaging account of the present troubled condition of liberal education. Derrick's book offers a disturbing indictment of today's colleges and universities, the fancied dwelling-places of wisdom, for their failure to provide young people with any reasoned defense against the prevalent scepticism of the age or any encouragement to stand against it."
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—**Karl Keating** in *The University Bookman*

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

George Kennan's Bomb

On The Right

New York, March 12—Tucked deep in a story that features one part of George Kennan's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is an account of what he thinks we should have done when the Iranians seized our hostages. To reproduce the effect the testimony must have had on the senators, the context is necessary. Mr. Kennan had been talking about Afghanistan: we overreacted most awfully. The author of the Doctrine of Containment believes that the military conquest of Afghanistan by the Soviet Union, though of course deplorable, is not to be interpreted as a first salient toward the Persian Gulf; we should not have retaliated as we did, exhausting our non-military resources; we shouldn't aid the resistance movement with arms; and so on. Mr. Kennan in late years has had a vision concerning the vector of Soviet leadership, and if he turns out to be correct, I would give him the Nobel Prize, make him emperor of Siam, turn over the keys to Fort Knox, and—perhaps the greatest gift of all—resign my profession as a political commentator. So much for Afghanistan, and picture now the smiles of contentment on the faces of those senators who, whenever they hear the warbling of a dove, will coo along with delight.

Then somebody raised the question of Iran. Ah well, said Professor Kennan, the United States should have declared war against Iran.

The United States should have *what*?

Declared war against Iran, said Professor Kennan.

I WASN'T there, but I can imagine that the senators stared at him as if he had just been entered by an incubus. Dr. Strangelove.

Professor Kennan continued with his characteristic calm. Yes, we should have declared war, and then instantly interned all Iranians living in this country, holding them hostage against the safe return of our own citizens. We should, moreover, have prepared to take such military measures as might seem advisable in the event our hostages were harmed.

Holy caterpillar! To declare war in this country would require a researcher to inform the President and Congress on just how to go about doing it. Declaring war is totally out of style. The post-Hiroshima assumption being that the declaration of war brings with it the tacit determination to use every weapon necessary in order to win that war. Thus we didn't go to war against North Korea, North Vietnam, or Cuba.

But George Kennan made a striking point, namely that a declaration of war invoked the correct relationship between a power whose citizens have been officially detained and a country which has refused petitions for their release. A call by the President for a declaration of war last November would have passed Congress overwhelmingly and, you betcha, with Senator Kennedy voting in favor. The declaration having passed, the juridical house is now in order. Not only the impounding of funds, which the President managed under an old law, but much more. Specifically, the internment of the Iranian population, most of them students. It is never pleasant to punish those who are personally guiltless, but that happens necessarily when reason and diplomacy break down. Our hostages are innocent too. Fifty thousand interned Iranians, held in a revivified army fort, and the Commander-in-Chief licensed by the Congress of the United States to pursue the war against Iran by any means he thought applicable, would have had some influence not only on Iran, but on other fractious members of the world community, not excluding the Soviet Union.

How would the Soviet Union have reacted? No doubt by contriving some means of siding with Iran. But at huge risk. Except for the Communist bloc and Grenada, if we can any longer distinguish between the two, the United Nations registered their protest against Iran, denouncing an action which at any time in the history of warfare would have been accepted as a *casus belli*. To declare war is not necessarily to dispatch troops, let alone atom bombs. It is to recognize a juridically altered relationship and to license such action as is deemed appropriate. It is a wonderful demystifier, sucking up the smoke from the room, so that you are left there with your objective in very plain view. That such a recommendation should have been made by a man once dubbed one of the principal ambiguists among the American intelligentsia reminds us that purposeful thought is still possible; and causes us to wonder, wonder, why our leaders, surrounded by all those expensively trained brains, can't come up with something that now appears so obvious. □

RHODESIAN ENVOI *New York*, March 10—Try, if you will, to describe a worse bungle than our Rhodesian policy. If you succeed, you qualify as Anglo-American director for African Affairs.

1. Among other things, we have got ourselves the first "country" that ever "voted" by a majority for Communist rule. (Allende passed himself off as a Constitutional Marxist, and, in any event, fetched only a plurality of the Chilean vote.) The qualifications are instantly apparent: Rhodesia isn't a consolidated country, rather a tribal aggregation haphazardly united by historical vagaries. Second, the vote is more likely an expression of the power of intimidation than the sober reflection of the noble savage meditating the advantages of Marxism in the bush. Even so, a democratic ritual will be honored, and the Zeitgeist will be said, in the Third World, to have taken an important turn to the Left.

2. The responsibility of the British government really ought to be somewhat less to form than to substance. It isn't as if the British don't know how to do this. After the war the British, along with the Americans, took a creative role in setting up a government in West Germany which specifically banned Nazi parties, and even Nazi literature. The government of Konrad Adenauer then banned the Communist Party itself. Such proscriptions don't always work, but they provide a useful ideological gyroscope. One that says: No party is free to wage a political campaign the objec-

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ive of which is to eliminate freedom. The end of political freedom, said Burke, is personal freedom. The notion that Mugabe, endorsed now by the majority of the Rhodesians, is therefore sacramentalized, is a democratic black mass. Mugabe's participation in the elections should not have been tolerated. To have done so even after Mugabe himself said he would recognize them as legitimate only if he won reveals their intrinsic fraudulence.

3. Let us get one thing absolutely straight, and let us not let anyone forget it. Mugabe rules Rhodesia because he fought a terrorist war with Soviet weapons. His debt to the Soviet Union is absolutely plain. Not only does he worship Soviet gods, he must worship Soviet leaders. He won the war because during the period when he was shooting missionaries and torturing children, we were complaining about a constitution that had been ratified by the overwhelming majority of Rhodesian voters, white and black, because it contained certain protections for the white minority. While we argued the inadequacy of this constitution, imposing sanctions that nearly broke the back of Rhodesia, the other side was passing the ammunition.

MRS. THATCHER, though not in so many words, all but promised that if she were elected her government would recognize Muzorewa's Rhodesia and lift the sanctions. Instead she temporized, as intimidated by Mugabe and his supporters as the many black Rhodesians who voted for him. Along came Lord Carrington and the famous Constitutional Convention with its eristic provisions for this and that. Carrington was hailed as a great hero, as also Lord Soames, who went down to Rhodesia to preside over the end of Rhodesia's brief experience with Kerensky.

4. Now the British will get out. Mugabe will probably go through some motions of conciliation, even as Castro did after knocking off Batista. Then he will exercise the power he has fought so dearly to achieve. The whites will begin to leave, preferably before they are butchered. Their land will be effectively confiscated—and guess who will compensate them? The United States: Jimmy's contribution to the current mess. Most of the whites will likely leave for South Africa.

5. And there the intransigent white element will, with every good reason in the world, point northward and say: That is what happens when you compromise. That is what happens when you heed the advice of America and Great Britain.

Meanwhile, all the world, one more time, sees what Henry Kissinger spoke of in 1968: To be the enemy of the United States may be dangerous. To be our friend is fatal. □

THE RED SEAS

New York, March 21—The national daily paper of the island of Grenada, which is the last of the Antilles chain just before you hit Trinidad and Venezuela, is called *The New Jewel*. It costs 25¢, is six legal-sized mimeographed pages, and gives you the news of the world as seen through the eyes of Grenada's liberator, Comrade Maurice Bishop. A recent issue enjoins the people of Grenada to celebrate heartily the 12th of March, the anniversary of the revolution that overthrew the predecessor government of the monster Eric Gairy.

The new Grenada will be too well-informed to make such mistakes again. Page two of *The New Jewel* undertakes this task. There one finds a column headlined "Did You Know?"

Did you know that "The Shah of Iran, during his 26-year reign, killed with American weapons over 110,000 people, the same as the entire population of Grenada!"

Or that "Black people in America suffer most; over three million of them are unemployed, they are treated as second-class citizens and are the first to be fired from their jobs!"

Since Grenada is a participatory democracy, the national newspaper publishes informative letters from its readers . . .

"Dear Comrade Editor, Something I am seeing is that the U.S.A. always forwards in support of fascist dictatorships. Look at Somoza of Nicaragua, the Shah of Iran, Pinochet of Chile, Vorster of South Africa, Ian Smith and Muzorewa of Rhodesia, and last but not least, they protecting Eric Gairy too.

"Now I want to make it plain that I am not against Americans. . . . But why they always support these Fascists in brutalizing their peoples?"

And someone who signs his letter simply, "Teacher, Education Seminar," writes: "When Barbados go in St. Vincent, nobody say anything. Now the Afghanistan government invite the Soviet Union to help them and the U.S. getting on. They even want to tell us we must move with them."

As we know, it didn't work—the government of Grenada voted with the Soviet Union on a motion of censure against the Afghanistan invasion. The government of Grenada is getting a jet port, built with Soviet funds. Grenada sits north of the route taken by the tankers that supply us with 52 per cent of our imported oil. These tankers head for refineries in the Bahamas and in the Virgins, otherwise going directly to Houston and New Orleans, the only two ports deep enough to receive the largest oil tankers. The artery, then, runs past Grenada, snuggling under Jamaica, past the underbelly of Cuba, to the United States.

AH, YES, Jamaica. Horace Sutton, writing in *Saturday Review*, reminds us that although Jamaica's leader, Michael Manley, speaks endearingly when addressing American business in Miami, he slips into another mode when surrounded by those he finds ideologically congenial. "We are absolutely satisfied," Manley said at the Conference of Non-Aligned Nations in Havana last fall, "that Cuba is a non-aligned country." He went on to applaud Grenada's turn to the Left, to rejoice in Sandinista aggressiveness in Nicaragua, and to support "those who struggle for Puerto Rican independence regardless of whether they are in the minority at this time."

The fact of it is that Soviet arms and personnel, working through Cuba, have irrigated the whole of the Caribbean area with hostility to the United States, with armed cadres, with guns, and with —a cause. The cause is Soviet socialism. This kind of thing is very contagious. In Bogotá, in 1980, we see something that suddenly reminds us of Bogotá, 1948. In 1980 a group of terrorists whose arms unquestionably trace back to Cuba rounds up practically the entire delegation of ambassadors and holds them hostage. In 1948 one of the revolutionists at Bogotá was a young Cuban lawyer called Fidel Castro.

What is our policy in the Caribbean? Is it time to take the lead on the matter of Puerto Rico? There are those Puerto Ricans who, defending the status quo, insist that Puerto Rico has everything to gain and nothing to lose from present arrangements, which produce cash from the U.S. without burdening Puerto Rico. But perhaps the United States has everything to lose and nothing to gain from the unincorporated status of Puerto Rico. Ronald Reagan recently defended with vigor and persuasiveness his position advocating statehood for Puerto Rico. Maybe it is time to move on this matter. Because the Caribbean is becoming a second Red Sea. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Surname of mother and son involved in conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln — 164 78 8 181 34 101 161

B. Owner of Washington saloon patronized by John Wilkes Booth — 137 60 11 131 108 27 89 40

C. He was an associate of Booth's — 139 106 45 80 12 36

D. John Hay's nickname for Lincoln — 143 130 178 151 159 61

E. *A senator from Vermont, 1866-1891* — 149 62 104 121 109 86 126

F. Booth's physician after his escape from Washington — 153 157 90 192

G. The mother of Timothy, Paul's associate — 163 171 116 190 185 22

H. *Certain male relatives* — 184 23 79 2 28 38 122

I. Lukewarm — 1 7 30 37 43

J. Another of Booth's *associates* — 47 24 13 118 94 162 187 136 155

K. A place of entertainment in Washington *during Civil War* — 63 51 100 170 140 21 72 97 105 110 128 133

L. Stance with hand on hip and elbow turned outward — 99 15 120 166 68 64

M. Women's deliberationists might object *to this newspaper job title* — 123 69 98 83 129 112 49

N. **The heavyweight boxing champion, 1926-1928** — 16 65 29 81 3 74

O. You save a cent on every ten gallons when you patronize these folks — 31 44 73 82 85 93

P. He and his stepsister (later his wife) accompanied the Lincolns *to a play* — 50 26 46 96 84 70 66 4

Q. President who was marked for assassination on night of April 14, 1865 — 117 152 17 55 146 186 76

R. *Gained* — 102 134 88 39 141 113 56 67

S. Another of Booth's associates — 176 167 32 173 5 57

T. How a horsy and contrary *senator might* vote — 35 191 183 77 179

U. Anglicized form of a French distress signal — 48 124 59 6 165 91

V. To make louder — 58 180 158 19 92 103 114

W. An Ohio newspaper named for a Spanish weapon — 71 52 119 145 189 54 168 182 10 25 42

X. Cheap — 95 115 142 188 135

Y. The only actor on the stage when Booth shot Lincoln — 132 20 175 41

Z. Attracting special attention — 169 53 172 144 127 33 177 14

a. Author of a book about the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln — 9 18 75 107 111 148 154 160 174

b. He narrowly escaped being killed on the night Lincoln was *assassinated* — 87 125 138 147 150 156

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the end of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 430 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 H	3 N		4 P	5 S	6 U	7 I	8 A		9 a	10 W	11 B	12 C	13 J	14 Z	15 L		16 N	17 Q
18 a		19 V	20 Y	21 K	22 G		23 H		24 J		25 W	26 P	27 B	28 H	29 N	30 I	31 O	32 S	33 Z
	34 A	35 T	36 C		37 I		38 H	39 R	40 B	41 Y	42 W	43 I		44 O	45 C	46 P	47 J		48 U
49 M		50 P	51 K	52 W	53 Z		54 W	55 Q	56 R		57 S	58 V	59 U		60 B	61 D	62 E		63 K
64 L	65 N	66 P	67 R		68 L	69 M	70 P	71 W	72 K		73 O	74 N	75 a	76 Q	77 T		78 A	79 H	80 C
81 N		82 O	83 M		84 P	85 O	86 E		87 b	88 R	89 B	90 F	91 U	92 V	93 O	94 J		95 X	96 P
97 K		98 M	99 L	100K	101A		102R	103V		104E	105K	106C	107a		108B	109E	110K	111a	112M
113R	114V		115X	116G		117Q	118J	119W	120L	121E	122H		123M	124U	125b	126E	127Z	128K	
129M	130D	131B	132Y	133K	134R	135X		136J	137B		138b	139C	140K		141R	142X		143D	144Z
145W		146Q	147b	148a	149E		150b	151D	152Q	153F		154a	155J	156b		157F	158V	159D	160a
	161A	162J	163G		164A	165U	166L	167S		168W	169Z	170K		171G	172Z	173S	174a		175Y
176S	177Z	178D	179T		180V	181A		182W	183T	184H	185G	186Q	187J	188X		189W	190G	191T	192F

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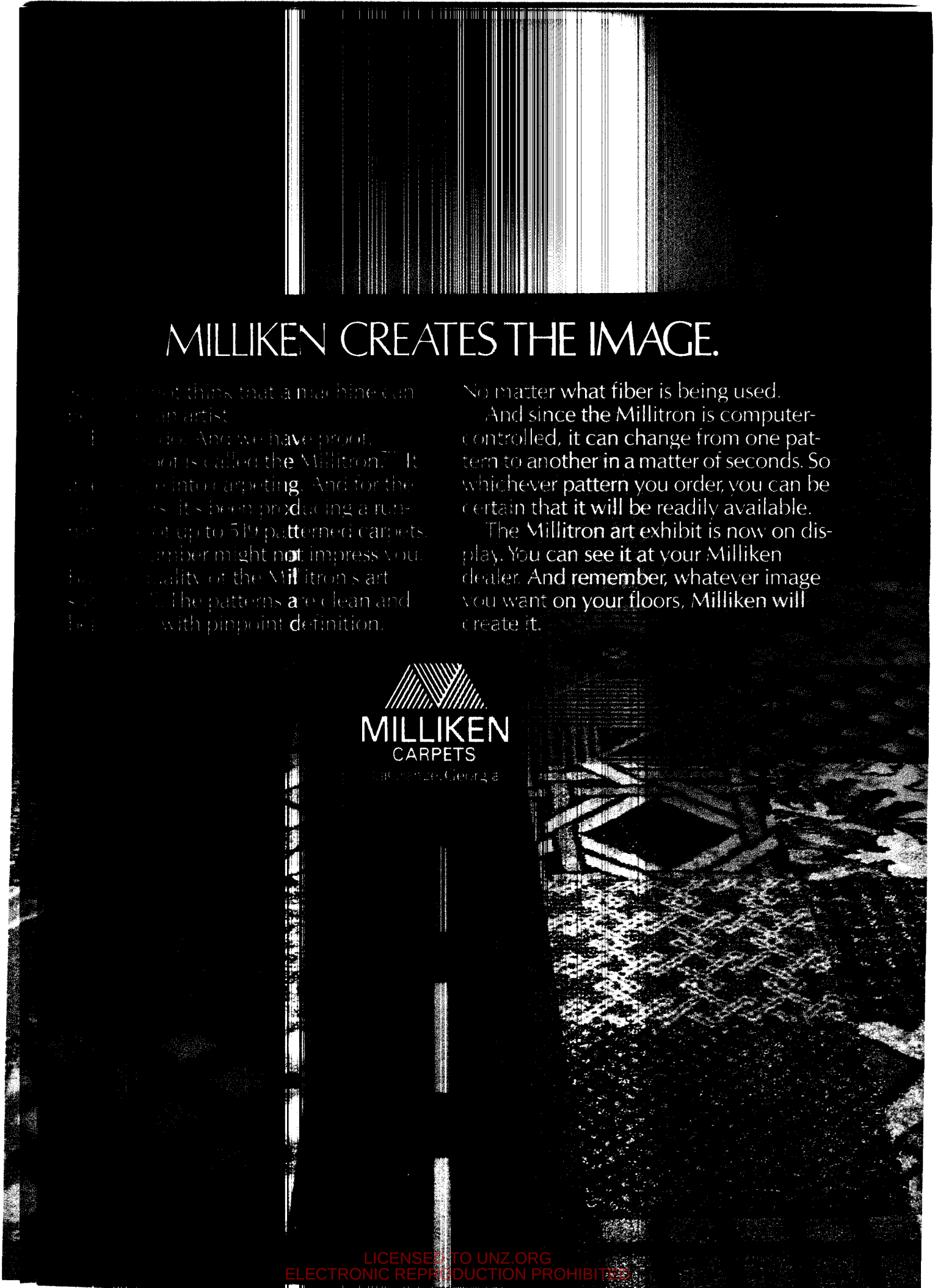

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